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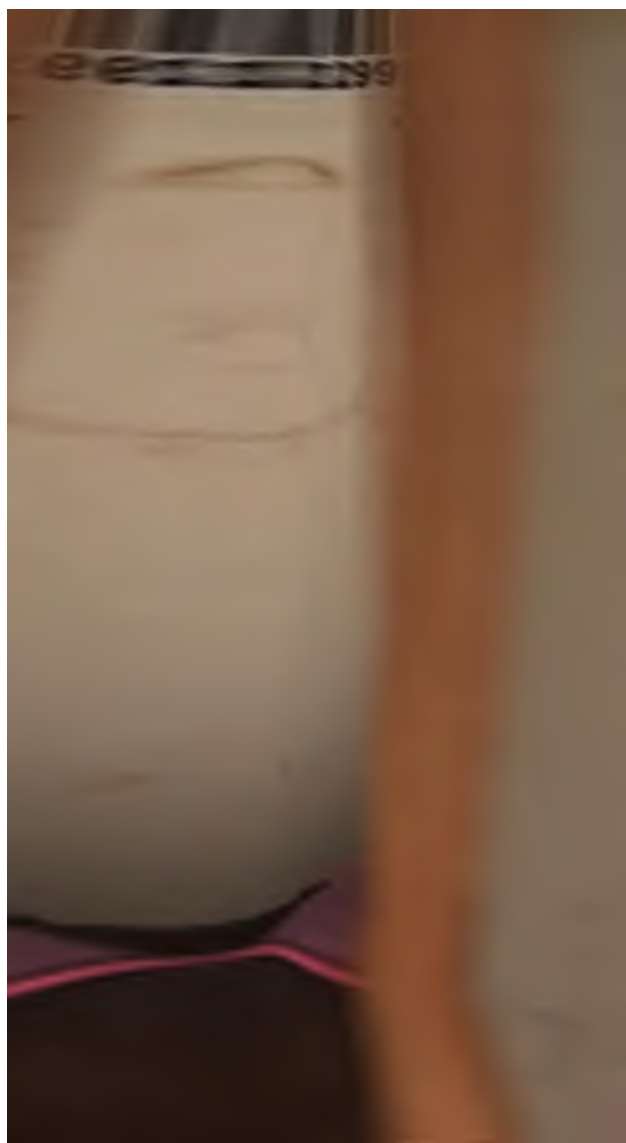
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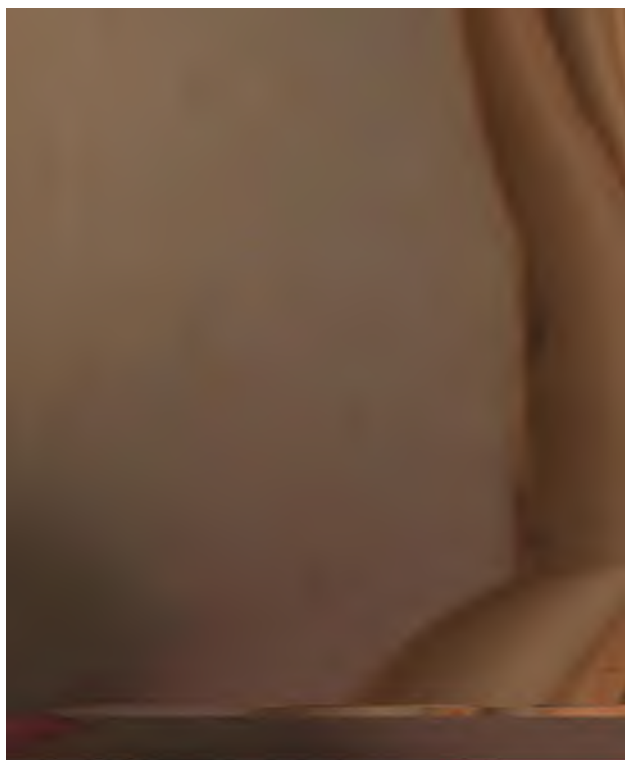
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Sacred Poetry.

BY A LAYMAN.

**A NEW EDITION REVISED
WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS.**



**PUBLISHED BY R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE;
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SACRED POETRY.

TO THE HARP OF JUDAH.

O HARP of Judah ! mute so long,—
Awake to life, awake to song,
From out thy low estate ;
Tho' on thy sacred chords were strung,
The highest strains thy Bards had sung,
Still higher for thee wait.

'Twas thine to sound Jehovah's praise,
The holy theme of Judah's lays,
For wondrous mercies shown :
Thy tones so charm'd the list'ning ear,
That Angels well might stoop to hear,
A harp so like their own.

O harp of Judah ! wake to song,—
To thy exalted pow'rs belong,
Redemption's glorious lays :
Wake into life each tuneful string,
And aid th' aspiring muse to sing,
Thy own Messiah's praise.

PRAISE.

**PRAISE is the voice of gratitude,
For benefits bestow'd;
The rising of the heart's full flood
Up to the Sovereign Good.**

**Praise is the soul's exalted frame,
That pours her highest song,
When she the attributes doth name,
That to her God belong.**

**Praise is the creature's voice of love,
To the Creator giv'n;
The incense that ascends above,
And links the earth to heav'n.**

**O, how is there the grateful song
In sweet accordance full!
But how doth earth the strain prolong?
'Tis, in accordance, dull.**

Yet still, when on the Church below
The Spirit pours His love,
The kindled flame of praise shall glow,
Up to the church above ;

And, with accordance sweet, shall join
The Sabaoth's full choir ;
And in the burst of praise shall shine,
The sinner's grateful lyre.

**PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL, AND
FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS.**

O God, from whom all good proceeds,
To whom all praise is due,
The fond remembrance of thy deeds,
Awakens praise anew.

Almighty Maker of my frame!
Where pow'r and skill combine
With the immortal spirit's flame,
To prove the work divine;

Thy hand sustain'd my infant years,
And led my childhood on:
Thy providence through youth appears,
In sweet memorial shown:

And through succeeding years I trace
Unnumber'd mercies shed;
And all those mercies crown'd with grace,
That to thy pathway led.*

O there still lead, from stage to stage,
Until the word is giv'n,
That calls my soul, in ripen'd age,
To highest praise in heav'n.

* The personal application in this piece, and in other pieces that follow, is considered applicable to every practical Christian.

O PRAISE THE LORD, YE ANGELS!

YE Angels, praise the Lord!
His wondrous works proclaim;
At whose creating word,
You into being came;
Endow'd with strength and holiness,
In realms of everlasting bliss,
Where glory makes the day:
'Tis yours, a higher bliss, to know
The Source from whence your blessings flow,
And his commands obey.

Ye heard the voice that bade
Creation spring to light;
Creation rose, displayed
In majesty of might;
And all its worlds in order stood:—
God saw the work,—pronounc'd it good,—
And all your hosts ador'd—
And all their harps to praise were strung,
The heavens with hallelujahs rung,
To the Creator Lord.

A higher theme of praise,
 A brighter sun has beam'd,—
 The subject of your lays—
 A dying world redeemed:
 “Glory to God,” was then your song:
 Redemption will the strain prolong,
 Through all eternity:
 Creation's theme may die away,
 Like stars before the morning ray,
 But this can never die.

Your portion is increase
 Of love, and bliss, and praise;—
 The works of God ne'er cease,
 His attributes to raise—
 O, height of praise in heav'n above!
 When all the mighty plan of love,
 Accomplish'd shall appear:
 When crown'd by her Messiah's side,
 The Church, his purchas'd, spotless Bride,
 Shall all your blessings share.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Lo, where the Shepherd's tender care,
In Sion feeds his sheep ;
Lo, where the sheep assembled there,
Their eyes upon him keep !

They feed in pastures fair and large ;—
Secure is the domain ;—
And O, secure the Shepherd's charge,
From outward spoiler's gain !

Those ample pastures straight ascend,
To their delighted eyes ;
And there are mounts whose views extend,
Where higher pastures rise.

To them the Shepherd leads his sheep,
To taste of freshness there ;
A freshness that will ever keep,
The weakest of his care.

And onward to his fairer meads,
Doth the good Shepherd lead ;
Sweetness to sweetness still succeeds,
His chosen flock to feed :

And to *His flock, his all is giv'n*,—
Th' eternal gates unfold,
And open the sweet fields of heav'n,
Where Jesus pens his fold.

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JESUS WEPT.

JESUS wept—the Mightiest wept,
O'er fallen nature's doom:
The tear was not for him who slept,
The Friend, within the tomb ;

But for the fate of wretched man,
The tear bedew'd the eye ;
Who shorten'd to life's little span,
His immortality.

O, once how holy, high, and great,
Was this created Lord !
A living world was made to wait,
Upon his sov'reign word.

But he, possess'd of every good,
Would evil also know ;
And from the height on which he stood,
Sunk down to death and woe.

Oh, death and woe beyond all thought,
That made his God to weep !
That to the grave his Saviour brought,
Through suff'ring dread and deep.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

PREPARE—not the triumphal car,
No pompous pow'r display ;
Be low the mighty pride of war,
On this auspicious day—
Prepare the heart—the off'rings bring,
The freewill off'rings, to the King,
Who now assumes the pow'r,
By the prophetic bard foretold ;—
Though veil'd in vision, dark, and old,
Yet time has brought the hour.

Prepare the triumph—lo, He comes,
The meek and lowly King !—
Ye monarchs rest upon your thrones,
He doth the olive bring—
He comes, He comes, the King supreme,
The Captain of the Lord !
The shouting earth hosannahs ring,
And waits upon his sword ;
To break up dark captivity,
And set the pris'ner free ;
And, o'er the heathen's gloom, to spread
Life, light, and liberty.—

O mighty Lord ! thy conqu'ring sword
Goes forth,—it is a breath, a word—

The enemy to slay :

Lo, marshal'd all the deadly band,
That sin, and hell, and death command,—
To fall, on Calvary.

And there thy banner stands unfurl'd,
And waves o'er a redeemed world,

That sings the triumph won.—

O Lord, our Saviour, and our King,
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
Accept us for thine own.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

ART thou arraign'd—thou holy One,
Before the judgment seat?—
Before imperial Cæsar's throne,
Ne'er stood such blessed feet:

The feet that ever trode the way,
The perfect way of God ;
The feet more beautiful than they,*
That on the mountains trod,

And brought good tidings to the world,
The mighty Maker sent,
Of thee, th' anointed Christ—foretold
To Eden's Penitent.

Art thou arraign'd ? thou holy One !—
Behold the dead, the blind,
The lunatic, the deaf, the dumb,
The poor, the humble mind,

They plead for thee—but thou art come,
Thy purpose to fulfil ;
To give to Cæsar's mighty throne,
The pow'r to do his will.

* Isaiah lii. 7.

He did his will, but wash'd his hands,
From shedding of thy blood;—
Behold, O earth, a heathen stands,
The witness of thy God!

Tho' wretched as a Judge he sate,
He read a mystery,
In his incarnate pris'ner's state,
And wrote it on the tree.

JESUS, THE SAVIOUR.

I *see* Him hanging on the cross,
And hear a Conqu'ror's strain ;
The Saviour's mission now is done,
The sinner lives again.

I *see* Him in the wilderness,
A shading cloud by day ;
A fiery pillar through the night,
Cheer Israel's weary way.

I *see* Him on the mountain's brow,
The God of Israel ;
In cloud, and smoke, and awful flame,
Him holy laws reveal.

I *see* Him in his paradise,
Come with the evening breeze ;
The Godhead of the still small voice,
Who whisper'd through the trees,

And to the world's first Father sung,
Redemption's hopeful theme:—
O Saviour ! in thy conqu'ring cross,
The finish'd work was seen.

THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

I SAW the Man of sorrows, nail'd
To the accursed tree,
His flowing blood pour'd forth, his soul
In smitten agony :

And in the fond belief and hope,
'Twas He,—that died for me,—
Who the prophetic bard of old,
Did in his vision see,

The Lamb from the creation slain,
For Adam's guilty race,
My soul beneath that awful tree,
Would her transgressions place.

But lest a doubt should shade the truth,
The prophet's word had giv'n,
The risen Saviour's well known voice,
Proclaims the Lord from heav'n.

Behold, He shows His hands, His side,
And says, Believing be.
O Lord, my God, thy presence seals
The Prophet's truth of Thee.

THE ASCENDED SAVIOUR.

DEAR to my soul, thou Lord of life,
The cross which shed thy blood ;
The altar of the sacrifice
Of the incarnate God.

But dearer, if more dear can be,
Is that immortal morn,
When from the tomb, a Conqu'ror, free,
The Crucified was borne.

Yet, in the triumph of my soul,
There holds a dearer place—
The ascended Saviour of the world,
In Deity's embrace.

THE INTERCEDING SAVIOUR.

**AND has His hand been lifted up
To Deity, for me !
Has the Beloved of his God,
Made the prevailing plea !**

**O Saviour! let thy changeless love,
In my remembrance be ;
Time, and eternity declare,
The thanks I owe to thee.**

THE FULNESS OF REDEMPTION.

How shall my soul find rest in heav'n,
Th' eternal, blest abode?
When, " without holiness, no man
Shall see the holy God."

Oh! I have nothing of my own,
To form that heav'nly dress:—
But Jesus wrought, and gives to me,
The robe of righteousness.—

" The soul, that sinneth, it shall die,"
Was Justice' firm decree;
And all have sinn'd—but Christ for all,
Died on th' atoning tree.

The Spirit to the finish'd work,
Affix'd his seal of love;
And with the quick'ning flame of grace,
Descended from above.

Hear thou, my soul, his teaching voice ;
With wise endeavour, still,
Observe the guiding of his eye,
And precepts of his will ;

Then shall the robe thy Saviour wrought,
The ransom he has given,
Be made thy title to the rest,
Prepar'd for saints in heav'n.

THE PRESENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

I KNEW not He was there, I said,
When truth declar'd His love ;
The solemn truth the Preacher read,
Of the celestial Dove.

I wrote the bitter things that rose,
The offsprings of the heart,
And knew they were the latent foes,
That caus'd the inward smart ;

But 'twas unknown, that at my side
The Holy Spirit strove,
To open ev'ry heartspring wide,
To fill them with his love.

O, 'twas a doubt, of fervent pray'r
That He might dwell within,
If He could fix His dwelling there,
In that abode of sin.

But, gracious Lord ! from first to last,
Thy love is still the same ;
It fills the record of the past,
And quenchless is the flame.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

REMEMBER thee!—O Lord, my God,
Can that e'er cease to be?
Thy dying groans, thy flowing blood,
Were heav'd, and pour'd for me.

Thus breath'd the soul—in happier hour
The poor Enthusiast sung,
Forgetful of her feeble pow'r,
While to the cross she clung.

But short the hour, and short the bliss,
While nature rules within;
She'll not endure a theme like this,
So unallied to sin.

O Thou! by whose almighty arm,
The brazen gates were broke,
And iron bars asunder torn,
And loosen'd every yoke,

Break now the thralldom of the soul,
The prisoner set free;
And keep her in that blest controul,
Remembrance, Lord, of thee.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

WHEN Sion, chosen of the Lord,
Was made his dwelling place,
The hills around, an emblem stood,
Of his protecting grace.

But when a fairer Sion rose,
On Christ, the corner stone,
The everlasting arms of love,
Were round the structure thrown.

Her charter ran—'twas seal'd with blood—
“ In vain shall foes assail ;
“ Nor pow'rs of earth, nor pow'r of hell,
“ Shall over it prevail.”

High on her Rock, her open gates
Invite the world to God ;
And happy, O thrice happy, they,
Who love her blest abode.

Tho' militant their state below,
They march to victory—
For Christ still leads his Sion on,
To Sion's hill on high.

**SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME
UNTO ME, FOR OF SUCH IS THE KING-
DOM OF HEAVEN.**

**How shall I come before my God,
To find acceptance there?
How serve him, when he bends his eye,
And bows his gracious ear?**

**Simplicity and Innocence,
Shall lead me to his feet ;
Those lowly children of his love,
Will with acceptance meet.**

**Their's is the kingdom ; they are bid
To come : their pray'r and praise,
Is as the incense in the morn,
As evening sacrifice.**

PLEASURE.

PLEASURE—a fond, delusive theme,
Which thoughtless bards have sung;
’Twas but the phantom of a dream,
Upon their harp strings flung.

The young—they innocently seek
The cheat, where’er she flies;
And wonder that her tints so meek,
Are lost in other skies.

And they, in manhood’s prime, so sure
To catch her on the wing,
But find her coyly alluring,
To fix a deeper sting.

Nor is the aged dotard free
From her delusive wiles;
Pursuing, tho’ she still may flee,
And mock him with her smiles.

Oh then, shall man in vain pursue,
What God's free bounty gave?
Shall he not drink the heavenly dew,
Before he reach the grave?

Yes, pleasure still abides on earth,
And ever will abide:
The stream of an immortal birth,
That flow'd in Eden's-tide,

Now flows from Sion's sacred fount,
Refreshing far and wide;—
But only in her holy mount,
Will pleasure's spring abide.

THE SCRIPTURES.

Thou holy word of God ! in thee,
The truths of either world I see ;
Thy volume doth my all embrace,
The present, and the future peace ;
And, taught by thee, it ne'er will cease :
But one into the other run,
The never-ending, still begun.

O why, when Wisdom rais'd her voice,
Did not the sons of earth rejoice ?
When she, the holiest Teacher, made
Her light come forth without a shade,
Unlock'd the secret springs above,
And open laid the fount of love,
And shew'd the path before unknown,
That led to the Creator's throne :
O why?—but dropp'd, for e'er, that scene
Such mortals on the earth have been :
They liv'd their hour—and pass'd away :
Yet piety would oft display,
The truths that in thy volume lay.

O holy word, O worth well prov'd
By what our pious fathers lov'd,

And each succeeding age hath mov'd,
To search the truths that they approv'd,
O word of God! keep thou my soul,
And all my erring steps controul.
When reason, blinded in her way,
Shall, on the threshold, halt betray,
Do thou thy kind assistance lend,
Thou surest Guide, thou wisest Friend ;
And lead her o'er the moral waste,
Where stumbling blocks are ever plac'd,
To where unclouded light is shown,
Where truth and reason are as one.
And when her higher thoughts betray
Her steps from Wisdom's sober way,
And self shall give the lengthen'd rein,
The heights of piety to gain,
Do thou recall the wand'rer home,
Rein back the folly, bid her come,
And search thy pages full and free,
Where pure Religion dwells with thee.

THE ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

JESUS, my Saviour, and my Lord,
Thou high and lofty One !
I crave thy righteousness, and blood,—
I trust in them alone.

The blood to wash away my stains ;—
The robe of righteousness ;
To hold communion with my God,
I've need of all the dress ;

I need the ev'ry fold thereof,
To compass me around ;
To cover ev'ry stain within,
Where daily stains abound.

Oh, grant my pray'r, and give me peace !
And give thy Spirit, Lord ;
And, day by day, increase of grace,
Till ev'ry sin's abhor'd ;

Till, from the soil of a new heart,
The plants of grace shall spring,
And yield their fruit a hundred fold,
An off'ring to their King.

And, with the off'ring take the soul ;
O take it to thy rest !
Take it, O take it, Lord of Life,
In Jesu's garment drest.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

THE chosen place,—the house of pray'r,
Must be a holy place ;
For Sion pleads her warfare there,
Before the throne of grace.

The vaulted roof, the hallow'd dome,
The lowly house of pray'r,
Say, to th' adopted children, come,
And meet your Saviour here.—

'Tis there He bends his gracious ear,
And sweet to Him the pray'r,
That from the humble heart of fear,
Is breath'd sincerely there.

And tho' no still small voice is heard,
To give the suppliant peace ;
Yet shall the pray'r the heart preferr'd,
Be treasur'd up by grace.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

**THERE is a Temple in the heart,
Made holy by the Lord ;
Where He his presence doth impart,
And where He is ador'd.**

**O may we now his presence feel,
While He inclines his ear ;
And lowly in that presence kneel,
For surely God is here.**

**O gracious Lord, accept the prayer,
The praise, the vow sincere ;
And make thy servants' works declare,
Thou hast a temple here.**

PROVIDENCE.

FROM PSALM CXXV. 1.

**THE hour that passes conscious by,
The' call'd our own, is giv'n ;
The next, wrapt in futurity,
Commission'd comes from heav'n.**

**With life, or death, or joy, or woe,
We vainly would inquire :
Uncertainty is all we know,
And all we should desire.**

**For lo, the sacred page unfolds
A lasting, sure defence ;
The tracing eye of faith beholds
A gracious providence.**

**Her ways are mark'd so plain and clear,
That he who runs may read :
The Faithful and the Just appear,
From ev'ry evil freed.**

**And they, in ev'ry age, will prove
The promise stands secure ;
The Saviour spreads his arms of love,
To make that promise sure.**

THE ROCK OF PEACE.

THERE is a point of rest in life,
The only point of rest,
Above the fear, distress, and strife,
With which the world's oppress;—

Like to a rock mid ocean plac'd,
That hears the surf below,
Beat loudly where its strength is bas'd,
But cannot reach its brow;—

Peace is the point, and peace the rock,
Built by the hand of grace;—
O, how secure from ev'ry shock,
The Christian's dwelling place!

And how securely there he stands,
How full of peace his rest,
While he observes his Lord's commands,
And reads them in his breast.

•
**I SHALL FIND TROUBLE AND
HEAVINESS.**

WELL might the royal Prophet say,
 “ Trouble and heaviness,
“ Shall cloud the sunshine of my day,”
 When all the truth confess.

But, in the portion of the Just,
 Who feel affliction's rod,
There is an antidote ;—they trust,
 The mercies of their God.

The gath'ring clouds, with shade o'er shade,
 May deepen dark and near ;
But former mercies stand display'd,
 To banish ev'ry fear.

Resign'd—they shelter in the vale
 Of sweet humility :—
The storms that lofty pride assail,
 Spare there, and pass them by.

THE HOLINESS OF HEAVEN.

**Who shall approach Jehovah's throne,
Or in its precincts tread?
Where the bright rays of holiness,
Encircle ev'ry head.**

**No spot of sin can enter there,
Or ent'ring, wou'd be found,
A spot e'en love could not endure,
Upon that holy ground.**

**Ye Saints of light! who walk'd with God,
Obedient to his will,
Yet, in that blest communion, were
The sons of Adam still,**

**If ye could not approach that throne,
Or in its precincts tread,
Each living soul must feel the weight,
That bows his guilty head ;**

And seek a shelter in the sea,
Where flows repentance' tear :—
Haply their tears may mix with yours,
Which still are flowing there :

And there will flow, till He shall come,
Who pour'd for all his blood,
And robes his children for their home,
The presence of their God.

THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

Who, in those robes of white are seen,
Of earthly form, that bear
The palmy branch of living green,
Of the eternal year?

They move above the world, above
The vast creation's space ;
And in the holy world of love,
Is fix'd their dwelling-place.

Who are they? and from whence did come,
That happy, spotless race,
Who now, for aye, have fix'd their home,
In heav'n their dwelling place?—

O, thou poor Tenant of the earth,
Fly thou, where they did fly,
And plead, as they did plead, a birth
Of frail mortality ;

And spurn, as they did spurn, the clod
That weigh'd them down to sense ;
And rise, as they did rise, to God,
In new-born innocence.

THE GLORY OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

How glorious are the Saints above !
In perfect purity,
They there behold the God of love,
And glow with charity.

Happy, beyond conception, they !
Their present joys secure :
Yet joys await, to ecstasy,
For ever to endure.

Think, O, my soul !—important thought—
What brought the sinners there ;
Was it the works that they had wrought ;
A conscience always clear ?

“ Twas He, who liv'd, and died,” they say,
“ And lives for evermore ;
“ He led us through the narrow way,
“ Which he had trod before.

“ And now with Him, as kings, we reign,
“ As priests, we minister
“ The incense of a holy flame,
“ That burns for ever here.”

DEATH.

WHAT art thou Death ! and whence thy goings
forth ?

Offspring of sin ;—born on the fairest spot
Of a fair world, pronounc'd by its Maker, good.
Where all was beauty, harmony, and love.
Tremendous pow'r ! that marr'd th' Almighty's
work :—

But this her daring, far below th' attempt,
To spread her reign in th' empyrean courts,
Where the eternal God had fix'd his throne,
In holiness, begirt with pow'r supreme :
There, with her birth, her foul expulsion ran :
But here thy delegated reign extends
Six thousand years, and yet we see no end.

Resistless Monarch !—boundless o'er the earth
Is thy dominion—all have felt its sway,
From Adam downward to our Sires that fell
But yesterday, beneath thy fatal stroke—
Save Enoch, and Elijah—favor'd saints !
In the bright noontide beams of faith, they saw
On Calv'ry's mount the bleeding Sacrifice,
And rode in awful triumph o'er thy reign,
And gave thee solemn warning of thy fall.

How art thou fear'd, O Death! thy dreaded name
 Makes nature sick, and chills the stream of life :
 The world will not abide it—when 'tis heard,
 It shifts aside, like one who suffers pain.
 Thy sight is frightful through its misty cloud—
 A skeleton, of ghastly feature wan,
 Arm'd with a dart, of more than mortal sting ;
 Before whose point its trembling pleasures fade :
 'Tis thus thy parent sin misfeatures thee.—
 We know the hour will come, when we must feel
 Thy icy hand, and yield th' unwilling prey.
 Sentence is pass'd, and we await our doom.
 HE only could destroy thy pow'r, who gavé it.
 Lo, he came, with high commission grac'd,
 To make an end of sin's dominion, and
 To break the iron sceptre of thy realm :—
 He wrought the righteous will of God, whose law
 Was in his heart, and broke the pow'r of sin,
 And through his pow'rful cross he vanquish'd thee ;
 And gave a pledge of freedom to thy captives,
 To be redeem'd in his appointed day.

Thy dwelling place, so long in darkness hid,
 Was then laid open by a light from heaven.
 There is a broad highway, and narrow path,
 Of widely diff'rent route, that lead to it—
 One smooth, and chosen by the thoughtless crowd,
 The other rugged, difficult, and steep ;
 That he who treads, must keep a constant watch,
 And walk with wary step, lest he should fall.

But diff'rent as their ways, so are their ends—
At one, the routed monster Sin takes stand,
As her last refuge here ; and opens wide
Thy gates on darkness ; where thou sitt'st enthron'd,
A king of terrors, merciless, and strong.
At the other,—there thou art chang'd indeed—
There thou shew'st thyself—even as thou art,—
A messenger from heaven to summon hence.
The weary Pilgrim hails thee in approach,
And hears with joy thy greeting word of peace.
At thy command, the gate of life unfolds
Its ample front, and shews fair Sion's hill ;
Too bright for mortal eyes to gaze upon—
Nature unloos'd, lets go her charge, and dies.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

HARK ! 'tis no mortal sound, that breaks
So heav'nly on my ear ;
Nor is it earthly music wakes
The Saint, expiring there !

Delight and wonder clothe the brow,
So late serene and calm :
And rapt emotion spreads a glow,
O'er dying nature warm.

Methinks I hear the angels sing,—
“Come, Pilgrim, come away ;
“Thy hour is up, thy joys begin,
“Thou must no longer stay :

“We'll bear thee to the heav'nly plains,
“And sing the triumph won ;
“Redeeming love has cleans'd thy stains—
“Come, kindred spirit come.”

Their living harps' melodious sound,
Now dies upon the ear ;—
Yet, 'tis enough ! that they surround
The parting Spirit there.

A SISTER'S GRAVE.

How beautiful the grave,
Where virtue's relics lie!
How sweet the sleeping dust,
Of early piety !

Though with their native earth,
Those sacred relics mix ;
And not an atom's left,
On which the eye can fix ;

Yet, there's a germe unseen,
Of undecaying bloom,
Implanted in the frame,
That ripens in the tomb.

The last, the solemn trump,
Shall raise it into light,
To meet the kindred soul,
In kindred glory bright.

Then, well-approv'd the work
Of piety below,
Thy God will on thy head,
The crown of life bestow.

THE BENEFICENCE OF GOD.

How lovely o'er this wreck of earth,
Doth God's sweet bounty shine !
The flowers of thousand shapes and dyes,
Display the hand divine.

The forest, waving in the breeze,
In graceful grandeur high,
Seems still to link this fallen world,
With grandeur of the sky.

A thousand fruits to please the sight,
And to delight the sense,
Are freely offer'd to our hand,
In varied excellence.

The multitude that fill the earth,
That fill the air and sea,
How infinite their instincts are !
Endow'd, O man, for thee.

For thee the diamond's mine doth shine,
For thee it comes to light;
Remnant of Nature's majesty,
Amid her ruins bright.

Then make thy God's beneficence,
The types of love to thee:
They are but shadows of the day,
Day of eternity.

THE LOVING KINDNESS OF GOD.

O how divinely sweet the theme ;
Thy loving kindness, Lord !
There's nothing in life's fondest dream.
Can so much joy afford.

The Royal Bard,¹ in sweetest strains,
Surpassing all of song,
The much lov'd subject still maintains,
His sacred themes among.

Of all thy bounties that we taste,
It is the chief and crown :
It is the soul's delightful feast,
She most would feed upon.

If journeying through a barren land,
It charms our weary way ;
If joys are lavish'd by thy hand,
It shines in ev'ry ray.

¹ David.

Tho' life, thy free and sov'reign gift,
Embraces ev'ry good,
Yet life's warm stream runs ever swift,
To rest in death's cold flood :

But from thy loving kindness, Lord,
We hope to live above ;
Where thou wilt endless joy afford,
For thou, O God, art love.

GOD OUR DEFENCE.

**O God ! our refuge, and our stay,
When open foes assail;
Or when the dark and hidden war,
Would over us prevail,**

**Bring forth the spear,¹ of temper true,
The stoutest heart to awe;
And turn his weapon on his head,
Who shall the weapon draw :**

**And let thy shield be o'er us spread,
The safeguard of our way ;
THAT shield can ward all darts aside,
And all assaults can stay.**

**Thus may we lean upon the arm
Of thy omnipotence;
And find our safety in the eye
Of thy good providence.**

¹ Psalm xxxv. 3.

**THE TIME OF HEALTH IS THE BEST
TIME TO SERVE GOD.**

WHEN sickness bears the body down,
And strength and spirits fail,
The sympathizing mind is found,
The inroads to bewail.

So close and fine the links are drawn,
That this fond pair unite,
They must each others feelings share,
Of sorrow, or delight.

Then, as the time of health is best
For active service here ;
When high, and strong, its course doth run,
Prepare, my soul, prepare—

And quickly to thy labours turn,
Lay in the winter store.—
What joy ! to find our duties done,
When pains and sickness low'r.

TO-MORROW.

**TO-DAY, while it is call'd to-day,
Prepare, my soul, for heav'n ;
Put forth thy strength, thy light display,
To-morrow is not giv'n.**

**It sleeps in vast eternity,
Till God shall bid it wake ;
And it may never wake on thee,
But thou its sleep partake.**

**Then, if to-morrow sleep, or wake,
Be all uncertainty ;
O hasten to thy God, and make
Thy peace with Him to-day.**

TO-MORROW SHALL BE AS THIS DAY.

THE thoughtless may not find it so ;
To-morrow they a change may mourn :—
But 'tis the lot of some below,
To grieve their days no change have known :

To grieve, to find corruption's root,
Still deeply fix'd within the mind ;
Condemn'd to taste the bitter fruit,
Their changeless days have left behind.—

How mourn the Just some hov'ring sin,
That flits around th' unwary heart ;
Some pleasing folly lodg'd within,
That only will with life depart.

And oh ! how much have they to mourn,
The spring of all, the heart's deceit ;
'Tis there the deadly seeds are sown,
And there the latent growth's complete.

Tho' heav'nward is the road they take,
Their progress in the way is slow :
And stains of imperfection streak,
Their holiest service here below.—

O, still thy light, and still thy love,
Do thou, all-gracious Lord, impart !
Till thought, and word, and deed shall prove,
A change is wrought in ev'ry heart

THE PAST SUFFICETH.

It is enough, that we have trod
The erring path till now ;
And wander'd widely from our God,
Unmindful of our vow.

Oh, we have wander'd where our will,
The blinded passions led ;
And found that pleasure's grove and rill,
Like shadows from them fled.

The morn was bright, the path was fair,
But both deceitful prov'd ;
Or cloud, or storm, or thorn, or snare,
Distress'd us as we rov'd.

It is enough—we've had our will,
Our wandering and pain :
O now ! be ev'ry passion still,
That peace may smile again.

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.

THERE is a tear, of highest worth,
That from the humbled heart springs forth,
To shed itself at Jesus' feet,
With sweet acceptance sure to meet.
Unlike the tear by nature shed,
In short-liv'd mourning for the dead,
That dies within their earthy bed ;
Unlike e'en that we shed for sin,
Whene'er its dire effects begin,
The heart, tho' mov'd, unchang'd within ;
It rises from a spring above,
The spring of grace, and fount of love,
And glides into the sinner's breast,
To give his troubled spirit rest—
Thine is the tear, repentance ! thine
The tear that e'en in heaven will shine ;
That in the Christian's heart will flow,
And influence all his life below ;
That spreads a joy, where joy e'er reigns,
And is a theme for angels' strains.

TO REPENTANCE

LIFE of the soul—to Sinners giv'n,
To lead them through the gates of heav'n,
Oh, why is thy unbounded sphere,
So little known, tho' thought of here?—
When thou dost drop the secret tear,
There is a consolation near;
When thy full bosom heaves a sigh,
'Tis wafted to the throne on high;
And when thou lift'st to heav'n thy face,
In all the plenitude of grace,
The heav'ns are bow'd, the Father's come,
To lead his tearful wand'rer home.

A PRAYER FOR MERCY.

O LORD of sovereign mercy, hear !
Hear, and accept my humble prayer ;
That, from my inmost soul, ascends
To thee, whose mercy never ends.

Lord, in thy mercy heal my soul,
And make this broken spirit whole ;
Let mercy dry my frequent tears,
And chase away my doubts and fears.

Mercy, the friend of man on high,
Sweet attribute of Deity,
Delights to lead thy blessings down,
And makes the sinner's cause her own.

Be still those blessings freely shed,
As thou art pleas'd upon my head ;
But let sweet mercy be my friend,
For Jesu's sake, unto the end.

MERCY.

MERCY has been the Christian's pray'r,
The Christian's warmest breath,
The first still whisper in his ear,
The last word at his death.

Mercy, as boundless as the sea,
As stable as the shore,
Exerts o'er man a sov'reign sway,
A miracle of pow'r.

She sees the tear, she hears the sigh,
And views the heart that's wrung,
And lifts to heav'n her dewy eye,
And hears her triumph sung.

Mercy broods o'er her charge through life,
And cheers him at his death ;
She breathes her pow'r o'er nature's strife,
And peace is in the breath.

THE MYSTERY OF MERCY.

O SAY, ye Servants of the Lord,
Who meditate upon his word,
And search the depths of wisdom there,
Led on by truth's Interpreter,
Say, have ye found the secret springs,
Where mercy plumes her healing wings,
That brood o'er all creation's space,
So warm in love, so strong in grace?—
Behold! she in fair Sion stands,
On Sion's children lays her hands,
Gives the repenting tear to flow,
And on the tear rewards bestow;
Gives grace to walk the way of God,
And showers blessings in the road;
And with those blessings, freely giv'n,
Gives the reward laid up in heav'n:—
Thus, with the gift, is the reward,
Thus broods o'er all her high regard;
And thus, in her mysterious ways,
Redemption's mystery displays.—
Is she not goodness infinite,
In all its length, breadth, depth, and height?

**YE SHALL REJOICE BEFORE THE LORD
YOUR GOD.**

Is there on earth such joy in store ?
In this drear wilderness,
Shall streams of holy pleasure pour,
Such sweet foretaste of bliss ?

We look abroad, in vain, to see
What answers to the name ;
And if within we cast the eye,
A joyless void is seen.

'Tis your's, ye servants of the Lord,
To tell from whence it springs ;
You live to Him, and trust his word,
And die to meaner things.

His light upon your favour'd head,
Displays the truth divine,
That to those happy mansions lead,
Where perfect day doth shine.

Nor life, nor death, shall cloud the joy,
Found in that heav'nly road,
It gives your tongues a sweet employ,
And springs alone from God.

THOUGH YE HAVE LIEN AMONG T
POTS, YET SHALL YE BE AS T
WINGS OF A DOVE.

WE lie among the pots indeed,
The willing slaves we are;
The world we love, like Egypt's reed,
Has pierc'd and laid us there.

O, where is now the pow'r to rise,
But what free grace has giv'n?
That bow'd the everlasting skjes,
To lift our souls to heav'n.

Shall we neglect the voice of love,
Shall we not leave our leav'n;
And ask of the celestial Dove,
The wings that waft to heav'n?

LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

AND thus do pass our hours away,
And thus doth pass our ev'ry day,
 While we do journey on,
Well pleas'd while life's frail path we tread,
We 'scape the thorns around us spread,
 Nor mourn a comfort gone.

Oh, blind to wisdom's holy ray,
That doth her guiding light display,
 While thus we journey on,
We shun the light, and seek the shade,
That deepens on to Error's glade,
 Where man is made to mourn.

THE DEPENDENCY OF LIFE ON GOD.

THE shatter'd Bark that trembling rides,
Upon the mountain wave,
Appears to dread the gulph below,
As open'd for its grave.

BUT still o'er waves and gulphs it goes,
And cleaves the angry sea;
For there's a hand, unseen, that guides,
And bears it on its way.—

How many, like this shatter'd Bark,
Pass o'er life's swelling waves,
Tho' it may seem the next rough surge,
Would sweep them to their graves.

THE hand unseen leads on—and life,
Obedient to His will,
Maintains its pow'r—nor can the storm,
Without commission kill.

THEY see the healthful, and the young,
The beautiful, and fair,
Fall daily round their path—while they
Still live, and linger here.

DIVINE GRACE.

YEs, grace!—let none despise the word—
Ye Infidels, be still—
God's anger's an avenging sword,
And sov'reign is His will.

And what is all His will but grace,
From love ineffable?
That e'er has glow'd o'er Adam's race,
And glows, to soften, still.

It is the outstretch'd arm of love,
Extended far to save,
The soul when sinking in a flood,
That flows beyond the grave.

O grasp that arm! nor let it go;
And faithful be your hold:
Haply it saves the *passing now*,
From depth of woe untold.

THE REPAIRER OF THE BREACH.

Oh, what a breach was made between
The Sinner, and his God!
Oh, what a dreadful gulph was seen,
While Justice there abode!

Not all of heav'n's created strength,
Nor all of earth's esteem,
Cou'd close the depth, and breadth, and length
Where her keen sword did gleam:

None but the God, whose piercing eye
Saw all futurity;
None but the God, whose pitying sigh
Proclaim'd he there wou'd be:

And there he came, and stood between
The living and the dead;
And there that dreadful sword was seen,
To smite his righteous head;

But then He closed the breach between
The Sinner, and his God:—
And a new Paradise was seen,
Prepared for man's abode.

UNITY.

SWEET unity, when friendship charms,
And love each brother's bosom warms,
 Enduring, firm, and free ;
Still ripening for a better sky,
Where love and friendship never die,
 Where all is unity.

'Tis like the holy oil, that shed
Its fragrant sweets on Aaron's head,
 Delighting all around ;
Like as the dew of Hermon's hill,
So soft and gentle, fresh and still,
 That falls with blessings crown'd.

**PART OF THE FIRST PSALM
PARAPHRASED.**

**BLESS'D is the man who hath not known
The paths by sinners trod;
Nor from the seat of pride cast down
Impiety abroad ;**

**But in the word of God hath found
The day-spring of delight;
And shed its holy light around,
To guide his steps aright!**

**Lo, he shall flourish like a tree,
Whose roots the streams supply,
And nourish to maturity,
The fruitful boughs on high.—**

**But, oh, the froward sinner's state!
No fruitful branch is seen:
Vile as the chaff among the wheat,
The fruitless boughs remain.**

**PART OF THE NINETY-THIRD PSALM
PARAPHRASED.**

THE COMPLAINT, AND CONSOLATION OF THE CHURCH.

**THE Lord is the eternal King—
In Sion stands his throne ;
Before her wondrous course began,
He chose her for his own ;**

**And there, array'd in light, he reigns
In majesty divine ;
And girds his majesty with pow'r,
No limits can confine.—**

**The floods, O Lord ! the swelling floods,
Exalt their voice on high ;
Assail thy ark, and dash their waves
Insulting to the sky ;**

**And, in their wild and impious rage,
They threaten to devour—
But mightier than the waves and floods,
Is thy o'erruling pow'r.**

**PART OF THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-
SEVENTH PSALM PARAPHRASED.**

By the rivers of strangers we mournfully sat;
In silence we shed the tear,
That flow'd in remembrance of lost Sion's fate,
So desolate, ruin'd, and drear.

Our harps, then unheeded, on the willow trees hung;
Th' Oppressor requiring the song,
That once on their strings so exaltedly rung—
But only to Sion belong.

O Salem, lov'd Salem! or in sorrow, or joy;
Ere thou from remembrance depart,
Be e'er silenc'd my tongue, cease my hand to employ
The harp, that once gladden'd my heart.

**IF THOU, LORD, WILT BE EXTREME TO
MARK WHAT IS DONE AMISS, WHO
MAY ABIDE IT?**

**THE stream, as flowing from its source,
May change, and cease to be
Or sweet, or bitter in its course,
Before it reach the sea :—**

**Not so with man—the taint of sin,
That Adam felt, we feel ;
The leprosy still runs within,
Beyond our power to heal.—**

**If Thou, the holy, just, and good,
Should'st ever be extreme
To mark the inroads of the flood,
That swell the parent stream,**

**Who may abide the scrutiny,
From sin's first hour, till now?—
Behold ! thy saints, they lay, they lie,
Before thee humbled low.**

WHEREFORE HIDEST THOU THY FACE?

How blest thy chosen servants, Lord,
The happy, favour'd race,
Who live upon thy faithful word,
And flourish in thy grace!

A new creation's form'd within,
By thy almighty pow'r;
And life, and light, and joys begin,
They never knew before.

But oh ! the darksome vacancy,
The painful want they feel,
When thou withdraw'st thyself, to try
Their patience, faith, or zeal :

'Tis then a dark and lonesome night,
Along life's weary road :—
The world has nought to give like light,
And life, and joy, as God.

THE SUPERIORITY OF MAN IN THE CREATION.

MAN was not made for earth alone !
The truth's in nature's volume shown,
 He is of heav'nly birth :
A spark of the immortal fire,
That upward tends with strong desire,
 But lent awhile to earth.

The earth, with its rich furniture,
Of life, of herbage, fruit and flow'r,
 Is given for his use :
He, lord high paramount of all,
Or bids them live, or bids them fall,
 Empower'd free to choose.

Through boundless space the planets roll;—
To more unbounded range, the soul,
 Though pent in clay, aspires ;
It glances through creation's reign,
And wou'd in the immortal scene,
 Fill all its vast desires.—

Time wings along his rapid flight,—
 The soul contemplates with delight,
 Creation's wondrous day ;
 The mighty change redemption wrought :
 Pursues his course, till in her thought,
 Judgment arrests his way.—

Nature one choral hymn of praise
 Pours forth in tributary lays,
 To her great Maker's fame,—
 Praise is the soul's enlivening fire,
 That makes her highest pow'rs aspire,
 To magnify his name.—

When earth, and the bright worlds on high,
 And boundless space, and time shall die,
 And nature yield her breath ;
 The soul, supreme o'er all, shall live :—
 Man, only man, shall then survive,
 And triumph over death.

THE DESECRATED HOURS OF THE SABBATH.

CREATOR Lord, whose sov'reign word,
When fram'd the worlds above,
To this our lower world did give,
The sweet command, in love,

To rest upon thy Sabbath day,
And feast th' immortal soul,
From morn to eve—while mortal life,
Shou'd travel to its goal;

Oh, we the fulness have not fill'd,
Of thy sweet day of rest!
Some portion giv'n, and some withheld,
Has left us hours unblest.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

BEHOLD the glorious prize in view!
No visionary thing—
Real and unfading, bright and true,
The heavenly prize I sing.

A rich inheritance above,
All-holy, and all-pure ;
A place prepar'd by Jesu's love,
For ever to endure.

The presence of th' ETERNAL THREE,
E'er fills that blest abode :
And there the saints in unity,
Are perfect in their God.—

Prepare my soul, prepare thy pow'rs,
To run this heav'nly race ;
Perhaps on a few fleeting hours,
Depends this prize of grace ;

Then, let the race be *now* begun :
Lo, at th' eternal gates,
The Victor that salvation won,
To crown the conqueror waits.

THE INQUIRY.

Yes, there are visits from above,
The fount of grace, the fount of love!
Or whence the peace the Christian knows?
Or whence the joy that from it flows?
The peace, that as a river glides,
And gliding, here and there divides,
And into channels dry and deep,
The full and flowing currents sweep,
Till all the thirsty bank doth drink,
And verdure smiles along the brink.

O, when such peace as this is known,
The peace that never comes alone,
But from its soft and dewy wings,
One blessing on another flings,
O, when 'tis known—midst all the joy,
One thought will the full Soul employ;—
And she wou'd lift her voice to heav'n,
To ask, *is ALL the past forgiv'n?*
That not a cloud may rise between
Her peace, and Nature's closing scene.—
O, 'tis a doubt Hope must endure!—
Haply the pain may tend the cure.

LORD, LET IT ALONE THIS YEAR ALSO.

AND has the Saviour made his plea,
Of sufferings endured for me,
 And gain'd another year;
Stay'd the keen sword that Justice drew,
To fell the tree that fruitless grew,
 And dried sweet Mercy's tear?—

O, Spirit of the Eternal Mind,
Thou holiest, thou ever kind,
 Thou ever-blessed Dove!
Descend in all thy promis'd might,
And o'er this fruitless tree delight,
 To brood in sov'reign love.

Then, from its barren roots, shall spring
New life—the spreading top shall sing,
 The triumph of the fruit,
That in the year of grace has shone;
And to the Husbandman alone,
 The solemn praise devote.

**WHERE I AM, THERE SHALL MY
SERVANT BE.**

It is enough—at last to prove,
Th' o'erflowing of a Saviour's love,
And through eternity to shine,
A light, reflecting the divine.
It is enough—but thou, my soul,
Be mindful of the distant goal ;
Be mindful of the space between,
What thou art now, what shuts the scene ;
The course which thou hast still to run,
A course unmeasured by the sun,
Which often mourns a dreary night,
Which often hails returning light ;
A course continued as begun,
Nor ended till the prize is won,
The fruit of faithful service done.

THE RECORDS OF THE PAST.

It is the Christian's pride, to trace
The records of the past ;
To mark the wild and dreary waste,
That sin has overcast.

There rises in the view, the pow'r
That haughty Assur held :
But soon is seen the mortal hour,
When Assur's pride was quell'd.

Then comes the mighty King, we deem
The mightiest of the old ;
But in the record of his dream,
The fallen we behold.

We trace the Grecian through his hour,
The Roman through his pride ;
And in the wisdom, and the pow'r,
They fell—to sin allied.

The nations fell, the nations died,
Beneath her deadly blast :
In sin, alone, the pow'r's descried,
That laid the fallen waste.

We mount the stream of time, and see
One chosen of the earth,
Who was, and is, and e'er shall be,
The Father of the faith,*

That o'er the earth shou'd bear the sway,
While empires lie in dust ;
And now, in Abraham, we survey,
The one abiding trust.

* " Abraham rejoiced to see my day." John viii. 56.

I HAD FAINTED, UNLESS I HAD BELIEVED TO SEE THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

SWEET Poet* of thy God, high chief of song,
And favour'd King of Israel's chosen race,
Did thy keen sense drink deep of earthly woe?
Or rather, as th' adopted child of God,
Did He, in wisdom, goodness infinite,
Lead thee through fearful wastes, and urge thee on
Through torrents of distress, in life's short road,
And leave thee nought but thy sure trust in Him?
He did, and bore thee through the foaming flood,
As safe as did the ark the Patriarch bear,
To the sweet shore of freedom, rest, and peace.

How many, like this chosen of his God,
In ev'ry station of life's varied road,
As from a hill, have look'd on every side,
For aid, for one kind ray of hope, in vain:
Cheerless the present, and the future view'd;

* David.

Till nature sinking in the fearful flood,
Leant on the soul, as on her only aid,
That, like a rock on which the tempest beats,
Was stablish'd on the promises of God,
And has a sunshine in the day of storm.

There is a dignity in suff'ring worth,
Which now we cannot see, but soon shall know.

GOD OUR SUPPORT IN AFFLICTION.

**THE mind with cares and griefs oppress'd,
A changeful world bestows,
Looks anxious round where it may rest
The burthen of its woes.**

**Our friends, too oft, like feeble reeds,
Can but weak aid afford ;
With some the suff'rer vainly pleads,
While others have their load.**

**God is, alone, the strength and stay
Of every patient mind ;
Gracious to hear, and to allay
The cares to him consign'd.**

**He, o'er the dark horizon throws
Sweet mercy's healing rays ;
The balm that turns our heaviest woes,
To blessings,—and to praise.**

THE MOURNER IN SION'S CONSOLATION.

OH, will my God take to his rest,
This suff'ring Being here ?
Will majesty divine vouchsafe,
To wipe away the tear ?

To the prophetic Bard there came,
A message from on high,
That God would wipe off ev'ry tear,
From ev'ry mourning eye.

And sure an earnest of the truth,
Was in memorial sweet,
When He who reign'd in heav'n, did deign
To wash the sinner's feet.

Then let the Mourner's hope be strong,
And anchor in the rest,
Where Christ on his eternal throne,
Will make the Mourner blest.

**HEAVINESS MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT,
BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.**

How blest the Servants of the Lord,
Who serve in thought, in deed, in word,
Still studious of the prize !
Behold their privilege, how high,
Adopted by the Deity,
The children of the skies !

They tread the narrow path, and climb
The heights, the mountain tops sublime,
On which the Saints have trod ;
But ah ! poor Pilgrims of a day,
Tho' taught and guided in their way,
They need the chast'ning rod.

Their way lies through a desert waste,
Where sin has her wide empire plac'd,
And Satan holds his sway :
On either side or pleasures spring,
Or honors lure, or riches wing,
Those wilds of phantasy.

And they oft lead their feet astray,
Until the rod arrests their way,
And bows the wand'ers down ;
To mourn throughout a cheerless night,—
For ah, those visions of delight,
Those phantoms now are flown !

What thousands too, around them mourn,
Not by that rod, but sin bow'd down ;
Oh ! when shall they arise ?
They mourn indeed, but 'tis a night,
That blindly shuns the heav'nly light,
That wakes the Pilgrim's joys.

**THERE REMAINETH A REST TO THE
PEOPLE OF GOD.**

**O SHEPHERD of thy Israel,
When thou didst lead thy fold,
From bondage through a wilderness,
Unto the land foretold,**

**'Twas a sure type held out by thee,
For us to keep in view,
As we through sorrow, sin, and pain,
The antitype pursue !**

**Yes, we are trav'ling to a rest,
A holy rest foretold ;
Where Sion with delighted eyes,
Her Canaan shall behold :**

**The Canaan prepar'd above,
Where, time and change unknown,
Her happy sons shall ever rest,
In glory round thy throne.**

WHY ART THOU SO HEAVY, O MY SOUL?

O WHY that heavy sigh, my soul,
Why this disquietude ;
And why do tears of sorrow roll,
And mingle with thy food ?

Are there no sweets in the repast,
In bounty daily giv'n,
But thou must all the bitter taste,
And feed upon the leaven ?

Look more upon thy table spread,
'Twill soothe thee into peace ;
Who thankful eats his daily bread,
Will find that bread increase.

O, put thy trust in God!—resign'd
Unto his sov'reign will ;
He, all beneficent and kind,
His purpose will fulfil :

The morn will break, the light will shine,
The dew of blessing fall ;
And thou wilt own the hand divine,
In goodness order'd all.

**THEY WENT ASTRAY IN THE WILDER-
NESS OUT OF THE WAY: AND FOUND
NO CITY TO DWELL IN.**

THERE are some travellers who stray,
Far from the only road,
That leads where all would end their way—
The City of their God.

They wander through a desert waste,
Where man could never shew,
That he his object there had trac'd,
Of happiness below.

Poor travellers, they wander on,
Still erring in their aim;
And find the further they are gone,
The deeper is their shame.

Languid and faint, they feel despair,
To see the vanity,
Like * waters that the deserts bear,
For ever from them flee;

* The Mirage.—A phenomenon common to the deserts of Arabia, having, from a distance, the appearance of a clear lake—the illusion vanishes as it is approached.

And fainting with their toils, they'd rest
Beneath the desert sod ;
But mercy whispers in the breast,
O, cry for help to God ;

Cry in thy trouble, in the hour,
When thy vain hopes are flown ;
And trust the mercy, goodness, pow'r,
That ev'ry age has known.

THE TRUST.

I TRUST that better days will come,
When I shall healed * be ;
And walk with Peace unto my home,
Home of eternity.

O, with that high, and heav'nly Guest,
What pleasures I shall prove !
What joys will kindle in the breast,
And kindled, flame above !

She leads along a level road,
Along a verdant green ;
But in the path the Saints have trode,
She there is brightest seen.

Or in the smooth, or rugged way,
O Peace, be thou my Guest !
Cheer the dull scenes of life's short day,
And cheer its hour of rest.

* There is no health in us.—LITURGY.

THE PROPHETS, DO THEY LIVE FOR EVER?

WHERE is the Bard who heard the voice,
The still small voice of God ;
Where is the holy Prophet now,
Who in his paths had trod ?

He, whose enraptured soul had look'd
Into futurity ;
Read the deep counsels of the Lord,
The things in time to *be* ;

Where is he now ? and where the Train,
To whom the voice did come,
The Excellent of earth ?—they sleep
Within the silent tomb.—

Where is the Bard, the Prophet *now*,
To whom the voice did come ?
O Sion, well hast thou declar'd
The glory of their home !


“ The goodly fellowship,”* are they,
Who lift the voice of praise
Before the throne—in triumph, there,
Messiah crown'd their lays.

* To Deum.

**PAUL AND SILAS SANG PRAISES
UNTO GOD.**

**HARP of our Sion, whence thy birth ?
Whence broke thy infant music forth
On this mute world below ?—
From prison and from suff'ring broke,
The strains that first thy chords awoke,
When joy sprung out of woe.**

**What joy the holy Saints inspir'd !
What love divine their bosoms fir'd !
What pow'r in thankful song,
That borne up to the throne on high,
Made earth to quake, gave liberty
To the imprison'd throng !
What peace doth with the Righteous dwell,
What joy to them is known ;
Lo, Paul more happy in his cell,
Than Cæsar on his throne.**



**IT IS SOWN A NATURAL BODY, IT IS
RAISED A SPIRITUAL BODY.**

**Well may the body sleep in dust,
When lost its innocence ;
Well may the earth receive the trust,
That mourns for the offence.**

**How beauteous once her Eden spread,
For her created lord !
And since the hour that Eden fled,
His relics she hath stor'd.**

**Deep in her secret cells are wrought,
Immortal works of art :
Fit bodies for the Spirit's thought,
Shall into being start.**

**As sown the shrivel'd grain that dies,
And springs up to the ear,
So the vile body chang'd shall rise,—
Immortal shall appear.**

**INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY
SPIRIT.**

**BE this the watchword at my death,
This the last pray'r of life's last breath,
Ere to the world of light,
My soul, the ransom'd of a price,
The Lamb of God's free sacrifice,
Shall take her awful flight.**

**But, be not this enough for thee,
My soul—to thy Redeemer flee,
Committing to his hands,
Thy life, thy ways, thy all below :—
O God, on these thy care bestow,
While this frail being stands.**

SIN.

SIN hath a hard and daring heart,
And ay, a shameless front;
Is blind to Wisdom's holy light,
Deaf to the Charmer's chant.

Yet she can feel within her heart,
Her brow can soften too;
And she can well her eye and ear,
To sight and sound subdue.—

Come, Sorceress,—look upon the sky,
That smiles on smiling May;
Behold a paradise around,
All-blooming for the gay.

Take then thy fill,—lave ev'ry sense
In springs thy Poets sung;
Nor leave the flow'ry vale untrod,
To which those Poets clung:—

And come,—look on yon rising cloud,
That broods in darkness there;
Behold! it brings the winding sheet,
To fold thee with Despair.

PRESUMPTUOUS SIN.

BETTER, like Job, in dust be laid,
Than in presumptuous sin ;
From dust sweet hope may lift her head ;
Not from the couch within,

Where the fond will, indulgent laid,
Sleeps in its soft repose,
Till the dark threat'ning cloud is spread,
And bursts, and overflows.

The Leopard cannot change his spots,
The Ethiop his skin ;
Nor can the soul erase the blots,
Made by indulgent sin.

As is the fount, so is the stream,
That deepens in its run :
And sin will end, in life's short dream,
With woes that sin begun.—

And wilt thou tempt the Lord, thy God,
And wilt thou changeless be ?
Sleep on through life beneath his rod,
Wake in eternity.

THE SLEEP OF THE SOUL.

BLIND to the light of Nature's day,
More blind to Wisdom's holy ray,
 The soul doth sleep supine—
And cannot nature wake the *clay*?
Nor light that shows the sleeping prey,
 Of Satan,* and of Sin?

And will she sleep this deadly sleep,
Till she awake to wail and weep,
 The darkness of her state?
Oh! then her conscious pow'rs will tell,
How willingly the fallen fell,
 That mourns her wretched fate:

How willingly she sought the sleep,
From which she wakes to wail and weep,
 When all was in her pow'r,
To run the race before her set,
And gain a victory complete,—
 The glorious prize secure.

* 1 Peter v. 8.

THE DREAMERS.

LIFE is a dream, has oft been said,
And many, well, have prov'd it true ;
For they had day-dreams in the head,
That kept the sober truth from view.

They glided down a silver stream,
Along the banks so fresh and fair ;
Where spread the flow'ry meadows green,
That fed the Shepherd's tender care.

And on the upland height afar,
Was seen the graceful slopes decline ;
O'er which the ev'ning's fairest star,
Did on the valley's bosom shine.

And still along this silver stream,
The eye with like delight did rove :
And in the moonlight's soften'd beam,
Was heard the music of the grove.

And in the pensive, or the gay,
 Their musing thoughts wou'd wander long ;
Well pleas'd with both—no Minstrel's lay,
 More pleasing to the ear of song.

And thus they glided down the stream,
 And thus the current fair did move,
Till the dark ocean's foam was seen,
 Wak'd by the tempest from above.

**SHALL WE CONTINUE IN SIN THAT
GRACE MAY ABOUND?**

THERE needs no growth of sin, to try
The pow'r of grace divine ;
The buddings of its infant spring,
Will make that pow'r to shine.

They shoot from a corrupted soil,
To breathe a tainted air:
And Pain, and Want, Disease, and Woe,
Have fix'd their dwellings there.

The Husbandman of grace, alone,
Can purify the soil;
Breathe on the tainted air, and make
The wretched Train to smile.

Shall we presume upon the love,
To which the bud should turn ;
And leave the deadly plant to grow,
The wretched Train to mourn?

'Twas well the Saint did deprecate,*
The desecrated trust:
For oh,† this night the scythe may lay,
The Sinner in the dust.

* Romans vi. 2.

† Luke xii. 20.

**THE WICKED ARE LIKE THE TROUBLED
SEA.**

**THE man whose heart is rightly set,
How weak so e'er it be,
Stands on a rock, and in the world
Discerns a troubled sea.**

**There pride lifts up its swelling wave,
Presumptuous in pretence;
And tho' it feels the rocks beneath,
Still swells in impotence.**

**There passion's angry waves arise,
And tossing to and fro,
Tumultuous crowd and foam around,
Distressful as they go.**

**And there with frowning, shameless front,
That dares to brave the sky,
The deep, dark mountain wave is seen,
Of mad impiety.**

Beside unnumber'd billows rise,
A mean, disfigur'd train ;
Where'er they move a voice is heard
Lamenting from the main.

Firm on his rock, the Christian sees
These sad effects of sin :—
But while *her* troubles spread without,
His peace abides within.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

'Tis sov'reign grace reigns o'er our day,
And broodeth o'er our night:
Who has not seen its sweet display,
In contemplation's light?

O, when the fitful day is gone,
And night's still hour doth bring,
The works that in the day were done,
For contemplation's wing,

How doth it soar above?—abash'd,
It drops its heavy wings;
And, in the frailty, abas'd,
To sov'reign mercy clings.

**THERE IS NOTHING COVERED, THAT
SHALL NOT BE REVEALED.**

WHAT all!—before the judgment seat,
That awful, dread arraign,
Shall all the secrets of the heart,
Their characters explain ;

And the full volume stand reveal'd,
In light's o'erflowing tide?
And all before thine eyes display'd,
My Soul! where wilt thou hide?

Where wilt thou hide?—where is the thought,
One secret thought of thine,
That shall presume to risk the frown,
Of majesty divine?

Then haste, O haste, in this *thy day*,
Make this *thy hour* the last ;
And thy repentance now display,
For all the follies past ;

And in the fulness of the truth,
That is in Jesus giv'n,
Behold, the stains of age and youth,
Are blotted out in heav'n.

JUDGMENT AND MERCY.

JUDGMENT, prerogative of Deity,
Held o'er a fallen world a sov'reign sway,
Stay'd the pale Sinner in his wild career,
And bar'd her arm against the trembler, Fear ;
Wav'd o'er his head the terror of her rod,
Th' avenging justice of a holy God.
She knew no slacken'd arm—she mov'd on high,
As one with Love the darling of the sky,
And stood before the throne, the Guardian still,
Of the all-just, of the all-holy will.
And oft on earth, as in a gentle blast,
She wav'd the sword—but as the waving pass'd,
It laid the Proud, and their proud empires waste.
The storm was still reserv'd—reserv'd for thee,
O Shepherd of the flock ! on Calvary.—
Judgment was stay'd—and Mercy claim'd her
place,
The sweetest Guardian of a fall'n race ;
She wav'd the olive, and she whisper'd, “ peace ;”
And pour'd her blessings on the Sinner's head,
And breath'd on the dry bones,* and rais'd them
from the dead.

* Ezekiel xxxvii. to verse 15.

O happy they, dependant on her aid,
Who Judgment fear, altho' her sword is stay'd—
For still the Olive, and the Sword may meet—
Judgment, and Mercy, hold one holy seat—
The one is jealous for the other's power ;
And Judgment still will o'er the Sinner lour ;
And when sweet Mercy is behind him cast,
Will wake the sleeping sword, and rouse the
slumb'ring blast.

THE STRAIGHT PATH.

WHAT thousands on the broad highway,
Are travelling to their goal ;
What numbers from it turn away,
And think upon the soul.

Of those who wou'd her pathway gain,
How many bear a load ;
And find their feeble efforts vain,—
Still halting in the road.

They cherish still the world, the growth
Of pride and vanity ;
And lightly hold the single worth,
Of the straight path's good way.

Theirs is, at best, the middle course,
That is to nature sweet :—
No lines more parallel in force,—
The ways can never meet.

How few have left that broad highway,
And through the waste, and flood,
Have forc'd with sorrowing steps their way,
And in the straight path stood ;

And forward mov'd, toward their rest,
In sweet humility :—
O ! they have borne the lighten'd breast,
Known in the good old way.*

* Jeremiah vi. 16.

A THOUGHT ON CHARITY.

**To Charity no whisper's brought,
That meets with her indulgent thought,
For ever good and kind ;
When whisper'd in her lowly ear,
She heaves the sigh, she drops the tear,
O'er fallen Nature's mind.**

**O! in her gentle thought, she gives
The hope that still the Sinner lives,
And will his life improve,
Till Faith and Hope are ever flown,
And in her train are ever known,
The children of her love.**

A TRIFLE TO CHARITY.

**O CHARITY, sweet Charity,
The chief of all the train,
That fain the promis'd land wou'd see,
And the possession gain,**

**Teach thou our wand'ring feet to flee
The family of Pain ;
And make our chief ambition be
To follow in thy train.**

THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

'Tis well his earthly house is gone,
To mingle with the clay ;
'Tis well the warfare now is done,
The Spirit pass'd away.

For his was warfare, only known
On Sion's heights sublime ;
'Twas there he put his armour on,
Against himself, and sin.

Watchful against that restless foe,
Who rises ev'ry hour,
He daily laid the tyrant low,
Or mourn'd the tyrant's pow'r.

And, marshall'd for the mighty war,
Depending on his sword,
He gain'd the topmost height afar,
And bow'd his strongest lord.—

**'Twas violence that overcame
The strength that nature wields;
'Tis violence at last must gain
The kingdom grace reveals.—**

**And well he kept his armour on,
And well his way he fought,
And judg'd the strife of battle won,
In soberness of thought:**

**And well he heard the order giv'n,
To pass the vale of death:—
To join the glorious ranks of heav'n,
With triumph in his breath.**

THE PASSING BELL.

O PEACE to thy unwelcome sound !—
It is the joyous May,
And nature's blooming all around,
In smiling spring's array ;
And I through flow'ry meads am straying,
And with the bud and blossom playing ;
They never will agree,
O passing Bell, with thee !—

They would agree, kind Nature said,
If thou would'st think aright ;
Those blooming charms of mine were made,
To minister delight ;
To lead thee from my humble sod,
To contemplate the works of God ;
And from their courses learn,
To pay the tribute of thy praise,
And shed abroad fair virtue's rays :—
Then thou wilt well discern,
The passing Bell agrees with me,
Nor will unwelcome be to thee.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

SWEET is the simple minstrelsy,
That chimes from yonder tow'r ;
Sweet, when the soul's desires are free,
For this her festal hour.

Sweet are the sounds that call us home,
When wand'ring abroad ;
And sweet the voice that bids us come,
Into the house of God.

His temple is our earthly rest,
While we inhabit there :
The consecrated hours are blest,
And blessings to us bear.

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

SAY, who would bask in summer's smiles,
To mourn in winter's gloom ?
Yet in the path of Pleasure's wiles,
The turn will surely come.

Who would not in the genial Spring,
Sow ev'ry furrow well ;
That Autumn o'er the sheaves may sing,
And winter, thankful, tell

Of the increase—increase well stor'd,
Against the day to come ;
When He, the harvest's sov'reign Lord,
Shall call the harvest home.

ONE WISH FOR HEALTH.

HEALTH is a blessing, it is said,—
And true it is, when health is made
The active agent of the soul,
And kept within a just controul;
The senses guided by a will,
That stops each avenue of ill;
And all the full tide current flows,
Where peace and virtue find repose.

All this is good—but better still,
When health shall aid the soul, the will,
The fervent wish, the strong desire,
The temper'd flame, the holy fire,
To answer to the Sabbath's call;
To enter Sion's courts, and fall
Before the present Lord of all:
And, at His altar, thankful be,
For what the Saviour's done for me.

THE FLIGHT OF FAITH.

THE kingly Eagle takes his flight,
And soars full on the sun ;
And keeps his eyes upon the light,
That shineth in the noon.

He glories in his strength, when tried
By him who rules the day ;
And all the glory, all the pride,
Is center'd in his sway.

So, when the Spirit's gift of faith,
Is wing'd unto the soul,
She leaves her dwelling on the earth,
And soars up to her goal ;

And there, with Hope, her anchor fast
On the confines above,
She lives, till Charity has pass'd,
Into the courts of love.

HUMAN AFFECTIONS IN TIME, AND IN ETERNITY.

My daring thoughts wou'd soar above,
And search th' unknown skies,
And through th' unknown world wou'd move,
Where the dread secret lies ;

The secret known unto the soul,
The Prisoner releas'd,
Who now hath reach'd her final goal,
Where hope hath ever ceas'd.

O say, if on that changeless shore,
She still retains the mind,
Which through this wilderness she bore,
So changeful in its kind?—

But one short line the truth reveals—
The Filthy's filthy still *—
Oh, dreadful shore ! where conscience seals
The Sinner to his will.

* Revelations xxii. 11.

THE SHROUD.

WHY is thy snowy mantle spread?—

'Tis spread, O man, for thee ;
To wrap thee with the silent dead,
When thou as cold shalt be.

Behold, in me, thy winding-sheet,
The all then left to thee ;
Behold, how riches, honors, fleet,
They cannot go with me.

With me, those riches are as dust,
Those honors vanity ;
O why wilt thou those riches trust !
On honors thus rely !

Yet both may o'er my mantle weave,
The garland of thy fame ;
Thy riches with the Poor may leave,
The honors of thy name.

But all thy pleasures with me fade,
They've falsified their name ;
And when thou sleepest in my shade,
Tho' faded, live in shame.

CARE FOR THE BODY.

THE Soul has a frail dwelling here—
The truth, so simple and so clear,
 We have been often taught ;
Yet, in our wisdom, we prefer
The dwelling, make it all our care,
 Esteem the tenant naught.

Our wisdom poises well the scales,
And reason the fair balance seals,
 And both are well agreed,
To make provision for the one,
Till life shall to its winter come,
 Then tend the others need.

Poor Reason! is it thus we're taught?
In all thy schools, with knowledge fraught,
 What two did well agree?
But all should well agree in this,—
The soul above the body is,
 Should most regarded be.

DISTRESS.

BEATEN about on life's broad sea,
By rough winds, and rough tide,
Where shall the drooping pilot flee?
Where the torn vessel hide?

The world, too oft, has falsified
The promises it made:—
Vain hope, to stem life's changeful tide,
With all its promis'd aid.

A wreck in all its breadth and length,
How shall this fallen guide?
Humility is all its strength,
And all its weakness, pride.

To thee, O Lord, we turn our eyes,
On thee alone depend;
For thou canst make earth, seas, and skies,
The needful succour lend.

FEAR.

FEAR is the Sinner's portion here—
The hateful bondage came,
When the first Man shed the first tear,
O'er nature's trembling frame.—

Yet blame not fear—O fallen Worth,
Lay in the dust thy pride!—
She came a minist'ring Angel forth,
A sure and faithful guide.

How faithful she—whene'er thy steps
Have wander'd from the right,
Thy fainting heart, and trembling lips,
Declare the inward blight.—

O pallid Fear, to sinners known,
In their unholy sphere,
How long shall answer groan to groan,
Whilst thou'rt sorrowing there?

How long, ere the blest hour shall come,
That wipes away the tear?
And thou rejoice that Man has known,
His God alone to fear.

THE WILD GRAPES.

A GOODLY Vine spread o'er the hills,
Her branches fill'd the land,
And shaded proud Euphrates' stream,
And ocean's fairest strand.

Green was her leaf, and fair to view,
The tow'ring tendrils twine :
The plant, so beauteous in its growth,
Made known the hand divine.

It was a plant of care and toil,
Early and late bestow'd ;
And the kind influence of the skies,
Made all the labor good.

But oh, the fruit that on it grew,
Was nature's produce wild !
The early toil, the smiling skies,
Saw all the culture spoil'd.—

Oh goodly tree, oh worthless fruit,
How ill did ye agree !
Behold the axe laid to the root,
Behold the fallen tree.

THE WARNING OF ISRAEL AND JUDAH.

How did thy mercy shine, O Lord,
O'er Israel's fallen race !
How o'er thy guilty Judah shone,
The sov'reignty of grace !

'Twas the long suffering of their God,
That bore them to the last ;
Oh, 'twas the quenchless thirst for sin,
That laid the Chosen waste !—

How doth thy mercy shine, O Lord,
Upon thy Sion's race !
How in our passing day is seen,
The sov'reignty of grace !

'Tis the long suffering of our God,
Has kept us to this hour :
O, may it quench the thirst for sin,
Waste the Destroyer's pow'r.

THE MERCIES OF GOD.

I TRACE His mercies in the past,
And in the present hour;
I trace them through the desert waste,
In the refreshing show'r.

Oh, what has been the past with me,
But as a desert waste !
And what the mercies now I see,
Like dew on with'ring grass !

Yes, they will be as morning dew,
Made fruitful by the sun,
Wou'd I the glorious course pursue,
They call on me to run :

And in that course they will incline,
To lead me to the end ;
Where mercy's brightest rays will shine,
Where all God's mercies tend.

TO PRIDE.

COME hither, Pride—I've felt thy stings,
Learn therefore what thou art :
Bitter to me remembrance brings,
How widely spread the smart.

Hither, I say—dost thou not know
The wrong'd have mastery
O'er him, who's dealt so vile a blow,
As I've endur'd from thee ?

What ! art thou in the purpled east,
With Kindreds* of the sky ?
Or with the Worthies of the west,
The absolute, and high ?

Or dost thou with the Wealthy shine,
In ease and pleasure still ;
And on the silken couch recline,
And thence dispense thy will ?

* Alluding to the titles of the sovereigns of Turkey and China.

Or with the gravely learned dwell,
The Men of mind, whose course
Promis'd so fair thy pow'r to quell,
But gave it greater force?

Or in the humble Peasant's cot,—
For humble he doth seem,—
Dost thou wind in to mar his lot?
Ah Abject! ever mean.—

But wherefore wander thus abroad,
When thou art near—at home!
Cur-like thou follow'st in my road,
And where I go, thou'lt come.

Alas! 'tis plain thou'lt cleave to me,
While I remain on earth;
Despis'd, yet cherish'd, wilt thou be,
Till spurn'd aside by death.

HUMILITY.

**HUMILITY! while low I lie,
And in thy vale recline,
Peace smiles upon the hours that fly,
And makes its safety mine.**

**But when, with erring course, I stray
Beyond that lowly vale,
Pride leads in the distressful way,
Where passion's storms assail.**

**Like the stray'd sheep, that seeks the fold,
With restless steps and eye,
I hasten back to thy strong hold,
Divine humility.**

TO HYPOCRISY.

WELL, thou fair shew of goodness! well,
How fares thy better part?
Nay, start not, strive not to conceal,
The springs within thy heart,

For they are strong, and they will flow,
Impatient of restraint;
And will reveal the child of woe,
Who wou'd be thought a Saint.

O why, Dissembler, all these pains,
This outside, and this cost?
What the applause, and what the gains,
When thou to hope art lost?

Yes, lost to all eternity,
The Saviour will not save;
To other Sinners hope is free,
But thine is in the grave.

CREATURE COMFORTS—SO CALLED.

WHY are those sickly bleatings found,
Within the fold of God?
Why are his bounties turn'd aside,
And tortur'd to a rod?

O, blind to truth's unerring way,
Who thus inflict the pain,
While in some sidelong path they stray,
In musings vague, and vain!

Are not our comforts scatter'd o'er,
A wilderness of soil;
And shall we on the desert pore,
And leave the fruit to spoil?

O peace to the perverted thought,
That views the bounties giv'n,
As lurements by the Tempter brought,
To lead astray from heav'n.

The Christian, in his lowly sphere,
Is thankful for his bread;
And O, to him how sweet, how dear,
The comforts God hath shed !

He takes them from the Hand divine,
As giv'n for his use;
Enjoys the good while it doth shine,
Nor clouds it by abuse.

DEPENDENCE ON THE WORLD.

THE world that lives without its God,
Must on the world depend,
For all the happiness and good,
To which its wishes tend.

O strange, that happiness and good,
So eagerly are sought,
When He, whose hand supplies them both,
Is so estrang'd from thought!

What wonder we so oft complain,
Of expectation fled,
And that the thorny soil we love,
Produces bitter bread.

O seek the Giver! and his gifts
Will crown a smiling land:
The bitter bread, the cordial cup,
Are in His sov'reign hand.

FORMALITY.

We kneel before a present God—
Too oft He sees us kneel,
As senseless as a bended reed,
Too lifeless for to feel.

The Angels kneel before His throne ;
The Spirit's bowed there ;
And, veil'd the downcast eye, adores,
Adores with holy fear.—

O Sion's Lord, and Sion's King,
Thy earthly temples are,
The chosen spots where thou dost walk,
Where thou dost see, and hear ;

Before thee may thy children kneel,
And lift the heart sincere ;
For surely thou art waiting there,
To answer to its pray'r.

THE POWER OF HOPE.

SWEET Hope ! ne'er failing friend of man,
Thy pow'r we all can tell,
For all have need that pow'r to scan,
And to apply it well.

Thou art the solace of the heart
Oppress'd with daily care ;
The balm that soothes the wounded part,
The humbled soul doth bear.

Thou say'st to-morrow's sun will shine—
And shou'd a cloud o'erspread,
One smiling ray, sweet hope, of thine,
Will lift the drooping head.

Thou art to man, and to his day,
A rainbow in the storm ;
The Christian's strength, the Christian's stay,
However clouds deform.

REFLECTIONS AT FIFTY.

WHAT ! fifty years to pass away,
And yet a work to do,
Which threescore years the wise have found,
Were for that work too few.—

Oh, they are gone ! and they have borne,
The follies of the past ;
And little record of the work,
For which I here was plac'd.

How vile, when life is ebbing fast,
To have this work to do !
Oh, had the strength of youthful prime,
But kept that truth in view,

I should be bearing other freight,
Adown this flowing stream ;
Which now seems rapid in its course,
And will more rapid seem.

Oh, fearful tide ! that has no turn,
But runs on to the sea ;
And soon will in that sea be lost
Sea of eternity.

TO MY SOUL.

WELL, thou poor Prisoner of hope!
How far'st thou in thy cell?
Dost thou not look with comfort up,
Where hope delights to dwell?

Or dost thou droop, and listless lie,
And, bounded by thy thrall,
Forget thy immortality,
And thy Eternal All?

It seems thou dost—for bound to earth,
Supine thy spirit lies;
As if 'twere not of heav'nly birth,
And native of the skies.

What heeds thy feeble struggles here,
While feeble they remain?
Arise from off thy couch of fear,
And forward be thy aim;

And hold with manful force the strife,
While strife prevails within;
Press forward to the gate of life,
And triumph over sin.

PAIN.

O PAIN ! what is there in thy theme,
That can awake the lyre?—
She wakens Mortals from their dream,
And kindles holy fire.

She tells the young that they are born,
To follow in her train ;
She clouds the brightest beams of morn,
And checks the sportive rein.

Perversely o'er the noontide rides—
Who has not felt her sway?—
Lo, over Pleasure she presides,
And shews the vanity.

And o'er the fretful gloom of age,
She holds a sov'reign sway.—
O Pain ! thy unextinguish'd rage,
Yields up to death the prey.

Yet it is well—thy mighty hand,
By slow degrees doth move ;
And shows a path, by wisdom plann'd,
That ends in rest above.

DAVID AND HIS HARP.

HEAR the Shepherd! hear his lyre!
Soul of devotion's holy fire,
 Meet music for the song :
Rais'd is the heart, the eye, the tongue ;
The solemn chords with life are strung,
 That floats the echoing hills among.
The soul from higher worlds has caught,
The holy theme, the hallow'd thought,
 'Tis heav'n inspires the song.—
The fount is holy, so the stream,
Shall ever meet the rising beam,
 Nor cease with setting sun ;
But cheer the wakeful hours of night,
And shed its sweet meridian light,
 Till Time his course has run ;
And to the holy Angel throng,
Has giv'n back the sacred song,
 An Angel may prolong.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

Lo, where the kindred minds are met,
Dissolving into one ;
Where firm affection's tides are set,
And to each other run !

One mind informs them both—yet each
The other doth prefer ;
For in that link the heart doth teach,
Is made interpreter.

O happy bond, that doth embrace
The sorrow, and the joy !
Each is the others' world of peace,
Without the world's alloy.

THE PRAISE BESTOWED UPON NATURE.

O NATURE ! I have often heard
Thy praises sounded high,
For beauty in earth, air, and sea,
And grandeur in the sky ;

And well those praises were bestow'd—
For wide thy wonders teem,
Where'er the curious eye doth rove,
Or where the light doth beam :

Beauty, perfection, order, meet,
Where'er we rove abroad :
Nature is fair, and grand, and kind,—
But where is nature's God ?

We see the works—but will not read,
In earth, or air, or sea,
Nor in the worlds that shine above,
His name, who bade them *be*.

TO THE SETTING SUN.

I MARK'D thy dawning ray,
Thy slow, majestic rise,
And sov'reign pow'r of day,
Enthron'd in southern skies.

I mark'd thy bright decline,
The splendour of thy vest ;
And now behold thee shine,
In milder glory drest.

Like thee, a brighter sun,
That never will decline,
Its holy course doth run,
Imparting light divine

It rises on the soul,
And darkness melts away :
And to its noontide goal,
Pours down increasing day.

It lights the saint to rest,
With beams so mild and clear,
He seems among the blest,
While yet he lingers here.

Like thee he sets in night—
But only sets, to rise
A glorious star of light,
In everlasting skies.

THE RECORDS OF THE RICH AND THE POOR.

SIN bends her bow, and takes her aim,
And makes her arrows fly;
How many of a noble name,
Beneath her arrows die!

What are the records of the proud,
Who would aspire to fame?
Fair monuments,—that tell aloud,
Their titles,—and their shame.

How many of the lowly poor,
Have fought against the foe;
And in the struggle of the hour,
Have laid the tyrant low.

What are the records of the poor,
The humble, and the meek?
Are no memorials to endure?
No monuments to speak?

Peace to the folly, to the tongue,
That pours the empty strain;
Their names to better worlds belong,
Without a spot or stain.

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

O THOU, who'st made this mortal frame,
The dwelling of my soul,
And fix'd the number of the years,
That o'er its life shall roll,

Behold how weak the building stands,
Like to a tott'ring wall,
How the poor tenant mourns within,
Expectant of its fall;

Too fond, alas! of her abode,
She dreads the parting hour;
And fain would cling to life's last hope,
Of health's renewing pow'r;

Oh, turn her from her wretched choice,
Each fond affection turn
To thee, the ever living God,
That she no longer mourn,

But, watchful, wait the mortal hour,
On faith's bright pinions soar,
And long for thy appearing, Lord,
When death shall part no more.

HOPE IN SICKNESS.

THE chast'ning of my Father's rod,
Seems heavy on my head ;
And sinks my spirits to the dust,
As tho' all hope had fled.

And surely hope of days had flown ;
But, in the op'ning gloom,
A cheering ray of light appear'd,
And beckon'd from the tomb.

It seem'd to bode returning health,
And smiling scenes of day ;
Tho' oft the sick'ning clouds would pass,
To chase that light away.—

Be still, my soul ; adore, and trust,
And wait upon thy God ;
Thine is poor nature's dross which sinks,
But his the olive rod.

Then patient wait:—as from the fire
The silver comes more pure,
The chast'ning of thy Father's love,
Refines and works a cure.

THE DEAD PRAISE NOT THEE.

Not from the region of the dead,
Can praise to thee, O Lord, ascend ;
There tongue is mute, and thought is fled,
And conscious being's at an end.

There, wrapt in solemn silence, lie
The mould'ring race from Adam sprung ;
And now, e'en now, the hour is nigh,
When death shall stop the living tongue.

O, haste to help, make speed to save !
And pour thy Spirit's influence down ;
Lest all we know this side the grave
Be pray'r, when hope of life is flown.

Warm our cold hearts with heavenly fire,
That praise may break from ev'ry tongue ;
Thy glory then shall wake the lyre,
And love, redeeming love, be sung.

Then with the choir around thy throne,
Our grateful songs shall sound on high ;
And we shall learn ere death be come,
The music of eternity.

TROUBLES.

TROUBLES arise in ev'ry breast,
In various shapes and dyes;
And are at best unwelcome guests,
By some, thought enemies.

But kindred things will e'er agree ;—
And when th' Invited come,
What is there in it, we can see,
To bid them to be gone ?

There is a spring in ev'ry breast,
Whence troubles flow at will ;
Led on by passions ne'er at rest,
That ever ask their fill.

From these, O man, thy troubles flow ;
The Troublers within ;
O know thyself, and learn to know,
The art to vanquish sin.

And in thy triumph o'er those foes,
Thy outward troubles are,
But as a summer cloud to those,
The world takes for its share.

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TO PATIENCE.

PATIENCE, thou kind and gentle guest !
Come, make thy dwelling in my breast,
And keep possession there ;
Whate'er the ills I may endure,
Thou'lt draw the sting, advance the cure,
And still the trembler Fear.

There is an holy calm in thee,
That keeps the soul from passions free,
And throws an awe around ;
They bow beneath thy mild controul,
And all their storms at distance roll,
Wherever thou art found.

Thou art the wise, enduring maid,
That, with thy Sister Faith's bright aid,
Canst smile midst scenes of woe ;
Faith opes a vista to the sky,
And trains the soul to live on high,
While thou support'st below.



**Stay of the Sage, the Christian's stay,
Companion of his suff'ring way,
 Meek, lowly, lovely guest ;
Who did'st the Saviour's steps attend,
The chosen of his life, and end,
 Come dwell within my breast.**

**O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE!
FOR THEN WOULD I FLEE AWAY, AND
BE AT REST.**

**How keenly did the Monarch * feel,
How deeply did he prove,
The woes no mortal pow'r could heal,—
When glanced by the Dove.**

**Oh, for those wings, the Monarch cried,
To bear my soul to rest!
But Providence the wings supply'd,
That calm'd his troubled breast.**

**Oh, for those wings! the Suff'rer cries,
When bow'd beneath his load;
But the same providence replies,
Rest, rest upon thy God.**

**For well the Saviour knew thy frame,
And knows thy feeble pow'r;
And he will hear the kindred claim,
In the distressful hour.**

* David, in his flight from Jerusalem, on the rebellion of Absalom.

THE SIGH.

'Twas but a drop of sorrow's cup,
Of which we're doom'd to drink ;
But none are doom'd to drink it up,
Whatever man may think.

Some taste the bitter draught, and dread
To taste it e'er again ;
But O, the heart where wisdom's fled,
Would fly the cup in vain !

While others, thoughtless, choose a sip,
Unknowing what they drink ;
But as light shines upon the lip,
They from the evil shrink.

The world drinks plenteous potions there,
And some e'en to the fill ;
They sink, or plunge, into despair,
For they will have their will.

The cup is measur'd to the will ;
And if the will obeys,
And has a wise endeavour still,
To walk in Wisdom's ways,

The hand that holds her equal scales,
Gives but a portion just,
To purge the ill, and fix its seals,
On those who Wisdom trust.

But they who wander from her way,
Nor heed her smile, or frown,
Into a darksome ocean stray ;—
The cup is all their own.

RETIREMENT.

How sweet to rest from busy life,
In still retirement's shade ;
And there call in the scatter'd thoughts,
To contemplation's aid.

There, sober'd into sense, the mind
Strips off the fair disguise,
Of all the flatt'ring scenes that pass'd,
Before its wand'ring eyes.

Man well may toil through upland paths,
And from the summit trace,
Where wisdom, and where virtue led,
To competence, and peace.

But it is wise to step aside,
In life's declining road ;
And in the calm and silent shade,
To commune with our God.

The past to mark, the present scan,
And o'er the future throw
Th' inquiring eye, to learn the end,
Of all things here below.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

Nor in the tempest's course,
That rent, with mighty force,
The mountain and the rock,—
Nor in the earthquake's shock,—
Or fire's devouring flame,—
But in the still voice came
The awful Deity :
He heard his zealous Prophet tell,
The folly wrought in Israel,
The bold impiety * ;
And with his sovereign word, in wrath,
He bade th' avenging sword go forth,
The guilty tribes to slay.—

No earthquake, storm, or flame,
Portentous, now proclaim
Th' approach of Deity :
The still small voice, alone,
His mighty power makes known,
In mildest majesty.

* 1 Kings xix. 14.

The heart, rebellious to his laws,
He melts with grace, and silent awes
The pow'r of sin, with strong controul,
And breaks the fetters of the soul,

No longer now her slave :
And should the rebel heart withstand,
'Till justice claim her high demand,
The Saviour intercedes,
His death and merit pleads ;
And mercy brings the chastening rod,
To turn it to a pard'ning God,
Through Him who died to save.

THOUGHTS ON INFINITE SPACE.

How vast the heavens above !
The spreading deeps beneath !
Faint emblems of the state,
That opens after death.

O ! where shall rest the soul,
In that immense abyss ?
What point shall stay her flight,
Where all one vastness is !

O, Jesus, Lord of all !
To thee we look for rest ;
Thou hast prepar'd a place,
To make thy servants blest ;

And thou hast led the way,—
Thy saints have follow'd on ;
And now they live with thee,
Eternally in one.

**Thy Gospel's holy light,
Sheds so divine a ray,
The willing blind alone,
Need into darkness stray.**

**- Walk in its light, my soul !
And keep the end in view ;
Then faith will show the way,
And angels bear thee through.**

A REFUGE FROM THE STORM.

THERE is a refuge from the storm,
A peaceful, safe retreat ;
Where all the waves that life deform,
In vain attempt to beat.

The way is mark'd, the course is clear,
The haven in the view ;
A gracious Pilot waits to steer
The beaten vessel through.

Tho' toss'd upon life's troubled sea,
The world's averse to learn ;
It shapes its course some other way,
Nor will the port discern.

The pious sailor views the storm
Resign'd, and undismay'd :
With all his soul's affections warm,
He trusts the Pilot's aid.

He knows his course, and onward steers,
Tho' winds and waves combine
To thwart his way, and only fears,
To wander from the line.

And, gain'd the port, his warmest praise
Is to the Pilot giv'n :
And there the beaten vessel lies,
The tender charge of heav'n.

THE CANAANITE.

'Twas in the heathen's starless night,
Her lowly suit the Canaanite
 Preferr'd for aid divine ;
As one, by pitying heav'n inspir'd,
And by maternal feelings fir'd,
 She knelt at mercy's shrine.

An outcast from the chosen race,
Without the pale of heav'nly grace,
 Before th' appointed day,
What hope was there a heathen's plea,
Should change th' Omnipotent's decree,
 His healing pow'r display ?

The Saviour to her humble pray'r,
Appear'd to lend unwilling ear,
 To try the suff'rer's worth ;
But great the faith on her bestow'd,
That in her breast so ardent glow'd,
 And broke resistless forth.

"It is not meet," the Saviour said,
"To give to you the children's bread,
"For them alone prepar'd:"
"Truth, Lord," the suppliant replied,
"But from their table is supplied,
"The crumbs the dogs have shar'd."—

O, for that strong, o'ercoming faith,
That turns the heart, from all beneath,
To Jesu's table spread!
And tho' unworthy of the feast,
Yet, bidden as a welcome guest,
Eat, *there*, the children's bread.

MIRIAM.

GLAD was the hour, when Miriam led
The song and dance abroad ;
And Israel's daughters hallowed,
The triumph of their God.
The prophetess, with soul of fire,
Kindled the flame that fill'd the choir,
And loud the timbrels rung ;
The dance replied with joyful bound,
And sweetly solemn was the sound,
That warbled from the tongue.

God was their theme, their song, their praise.
The crown of all their joy ;
To him they rais'd their grateful lays,—
The sweetest, best employ :—
They sung his glorious acts, that shone
Triumphant, in the conquest won,
O'er Egypt's vaunting host ;
The cruel bondage he had broke,
Redemption from proud Pharaoh's yoke,
And all his glory lost.—

**Ye Fair! on whom God's sov'reign hand
Has lavish'd ev'ry charm ;
The soul refin'd, affections bland,
The heart's fine feelings warm ;
To Him your highest praise be giv'n :—
Redemption is the theme of heaven,
O make it your's on earth !
Bless and adore the Saviour's name,
Be forward still to spread his fame,
And consecrate your mirth.**

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

HAIL, to this day of grace and peace,
Of bright, celestial dawn!
'Tis glory, not the sun, awakes
This consecrated morn.—

Hear the tidings from on high,
Messiah's wondrous birth!
Hear the angel tell the Swains,
He now inhabits earth!
And hear the host from heav'n sing,
"Glory to God on high"—
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
The greeting from the sky!—
See the lowly Infant laid,
A manger for his bed!
See a new made star appear,
To crown that infant head!—
Then was heard the high command,
"Angels before Him fall,
"Worship your incarnate God,
"And crown Him Lord of all."—

Glory to God, the angels sung,
Glory to God, we sing;
And equal glory be to thee,
O Saviour, Lord, and King!

LOOKING TO THE DARK SIDE.

WE think, but seldom think aright,
While troubles o'er us pass,
When, in the moment's misty light,
We view the darken'd glass.

It throws out shadows, from a cloud,
Around the op'ning scene ;
And pallid fear proclaims aloud,
The evil it has seen.

There surely is in ev'ry lot,
Some comforts to be found ;
Is it not strange they are forgot,
And stranger still, they wound ?

The Great—but let the Great pass by,
They have their measure full ;
Yet joyless they, we know not why,
With all the fulness, dull.

And those in the domestic scale,
Will they their good enjoy?—
Oft doth the wand'ring mind prevail,
And feed on the alloy.

Nor will the Peasant, in his lot,
Esteem his happy state ;
There peace, and health, and strength's forgot—
The envy of the Great.—

'Tis strange that we shou'd only see,
The dark side of the road ;
Nor look, that we may happier be,
Upon the gifts of God.

THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE.

**THE morn oft breaketh forth in clouds,
That frown, and fade away ;
And in the sunshine of the noon,
Is seen the smiling day.**

**THE smiling day—how oft the scene,
It spreads, doth pass away ;
How oft the stormy evening hours,
And blots its fairest ray.**

**O, who shall stay us in our way ?
What strengthen in our race ?
But the sure Rock of ages past,
The arm of sov'reign grace.**

- THE COMFORTS OF LIFE.

**O God, the Giver of all good,
Who dost vouchsafe thy care,
Tho' little it is understood,
While we thy blessings share,**

**Thy bounteous hand, alone, has spread
The table we enjoy!—
O well is he that there is led,
With thanks that never cloy!**

**O well, to see in good possess'd,
There is a high command!
O well, in all that good to rest,
And bless the Giver's hand!**

THE FOLLY OF A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

Let the fond Youth with Pleasure rove,
Along the flow'ry green ;
Let music breathe from out the grove,
To gladden all the scene ;

And let him to her halls repair,
And join the festive throng ;
And feed his keenest senses there,
The Tempter's charms among :

And onward, still delighted, range
Throughout her rosy bow'rs—
Yet soon, fond youth, those scenes will change,
They fly on faithless hours.

Soon, in the retrospect, thou'lt see,
How vain was the pursuit:—
Though fair and goodly blooms the tree,
Yet bitter is the fruit.

REPENTANCE IN YOUTH.

AND doth the soul declare its state,
And doth the Trembler mourn,
While life's young blossoms spread elate,
And joy can see no turn?

To thee the olive branch is sent,
The Dove vouchsafes to bring,
The plant that sov'reign grace hath lent,
From life's eternal spring;

To flourish up the hill of life,—
To shade thy midway course;
And strengthen in the glorious strife,
Against temptation's force;

And, with its fruit, to cheer thee down,
To the sweet vale of peace:
Where the good seed that youth had sown,
Hath hundred fold increase.

THE PRODIGAL'S RESOLVE.

Oh, I have trod a wretched way,
A wilderness of pain !
That open'd as the morn of May,
But clos'd in storm and rain.

Yet it was fair—and through the grove,
With Pleasure at my side,
I felt delighted on to rove,
So wedded to my guide :

For she was lovely as the morn,
That streaks the eastern sky ;
And as the glowing noontide warm,
And fair as evening's dye ;

But she was false—O witless youth,
To doat on outside glare,
Nor seek within the worth and truth,
That shou'd thy being share !

Yes, she was false—the gales of May,
Turn'd to the winter's blast ;
And all that once was fair and gay,
Was foul and vile at last.

Where shou'd the wretched wand'rer rest,
When the Deceiver's flown,
And left the void within his breast,
That tells of pleasure gone ;

Of pain, and want, and woe, to come,
All in a famish'd land ?—
Oh, keener woe ! my Father's home,
Has plenty at command.

Yet I'll arise, and I will fall,
Unworthy at his feet ;
For he will hear the hungry call,
Imploring at his gate.

THE RECKONING.

As youth hath pass'd its days away,
And glides into the prime,
So, oft the coming years of man,
Are in the shade, or shine.

Oh, well may suff'ring manhood mourn,
For froward youth's decline—
The sickly budding of the fruit,
The blighting blast of sin !

And well, oh well, may cheerless age,
Regretful hours betray,
When it remembers youth, and prime,—
The glory thrown away.

Or in the shade, or in the shine,
Man travels to the goal,
Where youth, and prime, and age await,
The reck'ning of the soul.

HUMAN MERIT.

WHEN I, with time, my merits weigh,
For vast eternity,
They are as autumn's faded leaves,
Strown on the ebbing sea.

And as the faded leaves are left,
To perish on the shore,
So will the pride of merit be,
When time shall be no more.

Worthless alone, but worthiest, when
To thine they are allied,
And wrought obedient to thy will,
My Saviour, and my Guide.

O shed upon those dying leaves,
The dewspring of thy grace ;
And 'mong the trees of paradise,
Prepare for them a place.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

BEHOLD the pure ethereal sky,
Without a spot to stain its hue ;
But when the dark storm rises high,
Obscur'd by clouds, 'tis lost to view.

So virtue's pure, unsullied light,
Is darken'd by wild passion's storm ;
Mere human virtue, e'er so bright,
Its deep'ning shadows will deform.

But pure religion from above,
Makes ev'ry earthborn passion cease ;
Secure of heav'nly light and love,
She e'er enjoys the calm of peace.

SLEEP.

SWEET is the humble Peasant's sleep,
In the still world of rest,
That nature's silent watches keep,
Upon her peaceful breast.

She o'er the earth her mantle throws,
The kindest Mother still ;
And lulls her children to repose,—
The children of her will.

O thou sweet wreck of heav'nly mould,
That has surviv'd the storm,
How fondly do thine arms enfold,
The lowly thou hast borne !

But why, within the Peasant's cot,
Thus in thy fondness reign ?
Thy lordly children—lo, their lot,
Like weary, like in pain.—

Oh, they have left, for aye, my side !
Ambition, pleasure free,
Passion, and pride, and strife do guide,
They will not dwell with me.

MONUMENTS.

O WHY those monuments around,
Of th' illustrious dead ?
Why speak they from the hallow'd ground,
Where aye the Spirit's fled ?

Ah, fond delusion of a world,
That on the sculptur'd tomb,
Wou'd have the banner's pride unfurl'd,
The laurels live, and bloom !

The banner droops, the laurels fade,
When the long night is come ;
They rot, and die, within the shade,
Around the hollow tomb.

Cease then, ye monuments, to preach,
And tell of what has been ;
And leave it to the dead to teach,
What may be read and seen.—

Yet haply ye one truth can tell—
Then lift on high the bust,
And on the grateful accents dwell,
That breatheth from the dust—

Here lies a Sinner—now return'd
Unto his native dust;
A Sinner, who for sin hath mourn'd,
And put in God his trust.

DISSENSION AMONG CHRISTIAN SECTS.

How, like to angry children, here,
At nature's wayward call,
We strive, we cavil with, and tear,
Our brethren of the fall.

Could we, but once, be humbled down,
To what we really are,
We should no longer wear the frown,
But with each other bear.

O child of earth ! whose passions swell,
Till pride is lifted high,
O son of light ! that hopes to dwell,
Where all is unity,

Forbear the strife, thyself forbear,—
Humility is thine ;
Behold the virtues in her sphere—
They conquer as they shine.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMY OF SENNACHERIB BEFORE JERUSALEM.

Th' Assyrian came on in the pride of his Host,
He dried up the streams, and the rivers were lost,
Made Judah's fenc'd Cities to bow at his feet,
And counted in Salem like triumph to meet.
'Twas then his swoln heart did so vauntingly boast,
Of the Kings, and their Gods, his arm had dispers'd,
And shook over Salem the rod of his fear—
Ah, vain was the terror,—no Idol was there.

O King, Hezekiah, how holy thy fame,
How wise were thy counsels, how good is thy name!
As soon as the threat of the Tyrant was read,
Before thy Jehovah the letter was spread;
And thy pray'r, alone, was the sword and the shield,
That made one wide grave of his proud battle field.
The Daughter of Zion then laugh'd him to scorn,
To the heights of the hills her triumph was borne,
And wav'd in her Cedars that danc'd in the breeze,
And sang on her Carmel aloud to her seas;
The daughter of Salem shook at him her head,
She look'd on his host, and she number'd the dead.

The sun at his set saw his pride in the vale,
The Horse and his Rider, the spear and the mail,
The plume and the banner that wav'd in the gale;
The sun at his rise saw the valley a grave,
The Horse and his Rider no longer did breathe,
No spear was uplifted, no banner did wave;
For the Angel of wrath had pass'd o'er the host,
And laid in the dust the pride and the boast,
The breath of his nostrils had kindled the fire,
The valley of Tophet prepar'd for his ire,
And He saw, in the flame, the Mighty expire.

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THE TALENTS.

'Tis not enough that sins forgiven,
Will fit the soul to enter heav'n ;
The righteous laws of God were made,
To be observ'd and well obey'd ;
That each his talent shou'd improve,
According to those laws of love,
To fit him for a higher sphere,
When his probation ended here.

God's equal ways we all may scan ;
He measures out his grace to man ;
His chosen Church displays a store,
Bestow'd upon the suff'ring poor,
Which to the wealthy is denied,
Who bask in vanity and pride :—
The world to these, is amply giv'n,
For those, a treasure waits in heav'n.

O bless'd are they, on whom their Lord,
 The riches of his grace has pour'd,
 Who rightly estimate the store,
 And wisely strive to make it more ;
 And make his Word th' unerring guide,
 Where rules of wisdom are supplied !—
 There faith her beacon lifts on high,
 On which they keep a steadfast eye,
 As through the lowly vale they stray,—
 The vale of sweet humility :
 There justice holds her even scale,
 And lends the sword, that should prevail,
 To slay the passion in its birth,
 Which clings to self,—that dross of earth :
 There mercy smiles, a cherub high ;
 She spreads her wings o'er ev'ry sky
 That forms creation's canopy ;
 And in her mighty, boundless plan,
 Proclaims what man should be to man :
 And there is meek eyed charity,
 Who never will a fault espy,
 That cleaves to fallen man below,
 But culls a sweetness out of woe ;
 In hope, in expectation, kind,
 And suff'ring for th' unworthy mind ;
 Her lovely flame, when once begun,
 Burns upward like th' ascending sun,
 But never doth like him decline,
 'Tis pure, immortal, and divine :

And there, O there, is piety !
 That doth the God and Creature see,
 The Maker of the universe,
 The Creature once beneath the curse,
 But now a child, that lifts the eye,
 And, Father, calls heav'n's Majesty ;
 And like a child to do his will,
 And make each wayward passion still,
 Submissively to Him resign'd,
 In heart, in soul, in strength, in mind.—

O happy they, tho' small the store
 On them bestow'd, yet make it more ;
 Who labor up the heav'nly road,
 The heart intent alone on God ;
 And mid the troubles of their way,
 Have but one fear,—to go astray ;
 For well they know the sweets of sense,
 Are bitter things to draw them thence :—
 Yet happier they, whose shining light,
 Burns ever clear, burns ever bright,
 Through this drear wilderness of night :
 We see their course, their light admire,
 And tho' the world doth damp the fire
 That smoulders in the worldly breast,
 Yet it will struggle in its rest,
 And from its ashes will arise,
 A grateful incense to the skies,
 For light a holy course supplies.

ADDRESS TO THE OLD YEAR.

Oh, art thou going, never to return!—
But one short hour more, and gone for ever—
Let me *that* improve to reckon with thee.
I owe thee much, too much, alas! to pay.
Yet on the scroll thou bear'st (dread register
Of all that thou hast seen) inscribe this hour.

Best gift of heaven, I have neglected thee—
Thy infant hand presented a fair blank
For me to fill, with thoughts of purity,
With words sincere, and works of piety
To Him who gave thee—charity to man ;
And give thee back to register in heav'n,
When thou wert ripen'd for departing hence.
But, oh ! what now will be recorded there ?
A frightful list of broken covenants,
That lie in darksome ruin on thy page,
And tell me of my wretched fallen state—
What, tho' the day spring twinkles in the gloom,
And a few scatter'd spots of light appear,
Like stars that glimmer in a cloudy sky—

What, tho' at times the grateful incense rose
Of praise and adoration, from the heart,
Fill'd with a sense of God's redeeming love—
What, tho' attentive to the warning word,
I watch'd with fear, and turn'd aside from ill,
With the commandment's awful breadth in view—
Twas feebly done—and leaves me nought to plead.

O righteous Saviour! blot the darkness out,
And o'er the light thy spotless mantle throw.



ADDRESS TO THE NEW YEAR.

AND art thou come, fair Spirit, from above,
Commission'd to fill up a further space
Between me and the boundless ocean
Of eternity—to give a longer day
To work, before the last long night sets in
That ends my labors, and I sink to rest?
Thankful I receive thee—I've much to do—
A Host to conquer strongly lodged within—
A large arrear of debt to cancel off—
And talents to lay out at usury—
O, be thy latest minute with the task!
And may the gracious hand that gave me thee,
Lend its strong help to further the attempt,
Or all is vain—I know, full well, my strength
Is as a reed that bends before the breeze,
And shrivels into dryness at the blast.

Fair Spirit, thou wilt see strange things, that pass
In mazy circles on this nether sphere :—
O, be it mine, to fill thy true account
With actions, that when weigh'd in th' balance
May not be found wanting—but well approv'd—

O, may the fair relation stand the test
Of conscience, in the solemn hour that seals
Me up for judgment, irrevocable—
May that account record a spirit meek,
An humble heart, that pour'd its orisons
At morning's light, and evening's setting ray.
In Sion's courts, where God delights to dwell—
My chief delight to seek, and meet Him there.
And grant, O thou! supreme in love, and light.
That at thy altar I may still be found
The humblest guest, with wedding garments on—
And there, beneath thy cross, to take my stand,
'Till the bright angel, Death, shall summon hence.

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THE CONCLUSION.

THESE simple lays—they budded forth,—
In the chill spring they sprung ;
And all their genius, all their worth,
Were on a wild harp strung.

Yet haply the reflecting mind,
In life's retir'd road,
May in their lowly musings find,
A path that it has trode.

And if one lay shall please the ear,
And warm the willing heart,
The humble flow'r that blossoms there,
May yet a joy impart ;

A joy to ripen on the word,
God has on man bestow'd ;
Wherein the holy truths are stor'd,
From which those musings flow'd.

L. S. SEELEY AND SONS, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.





